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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

WOMEN AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.*

BY RUTHELLA BERNARD MORY, B. A.



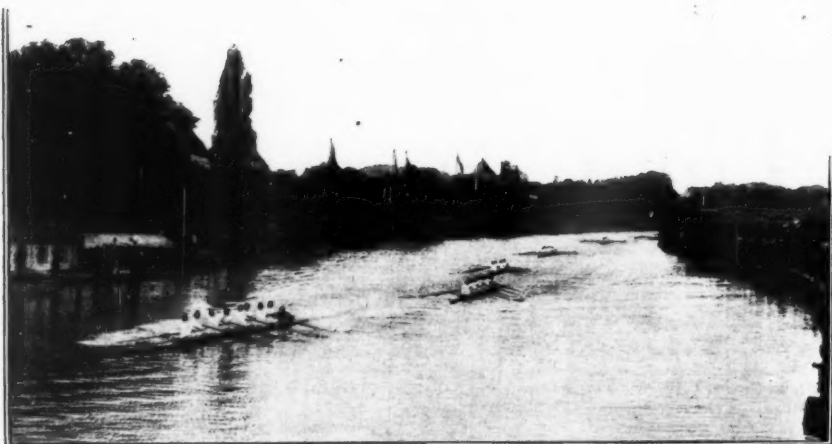
NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HAWTHORNE said of Oxford, when he visited it many years ago, "It is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

His tribute to Oxford is scarcely less true of Cambridge, and it is amid these classic surroundings—the prerogative of their brothers for many generations—that the academic among English women have achieved so much in the past few years.

But we will put aside all allusions to these historic university towns as the royal dwell-



"THE EIGHTS."

ing-place of king and queen, of court and Parliament. We will ignore the hoary traditions which would fill their thousand-year-old streets with Briton, Saxon, Dane, and Norman.

It is the Oxford and Cambridge of to-day, each with its three thousand men and two hundred women students, which attract us, and the majestic old gray halls, in their ever-fresh setting of oak, ivy, and verdant lawn, are a fitting background for the vigorous young life which pulsates amid the time-honored associations of the past.

Twenty-three colleges at Oxford and nine-

teen at Cambridge constitute the university proper. At Cambridge, the women are housed at Girton and Newnham Colleges, the former opened in 1873, the latter in 1875, by Miss Clough, the sister of the poet. At Oxford, the four women's halls—Somerville, Lady Margaret, St. Hugh's, and St. Hilda's—are of even more recent origin, and have only been established since the formation of the Association for the Education of Women in 1878, of which Mrs. Max Müller and Mrs. Humphry Ward were the worthy pioneers. These women's halls are, however, only residence halls. For unlike Cambridge, where most of the lectures are repeated to the women at Girton and Newnham, at Oxford the women attend the university lectures at the same time and place as the men, Magdalen College being the only exception, where courses are still closed to them.

At the lectures, which are given in the college dining or banquet-halls, the men wield pen, or more frequently the ancient quill, at long oaken "forms," extending the length of the hall, while the women sit at separate forms, or are elevated upon the platform at the dons' and fellows' tables. Time was, and that only a few years since, when conservative sentiment made it imperative that the women students should be accompanied to lectures by discreet and matronly chaperons (at sixpence per



A GARDEN PARTY, OXFORD.

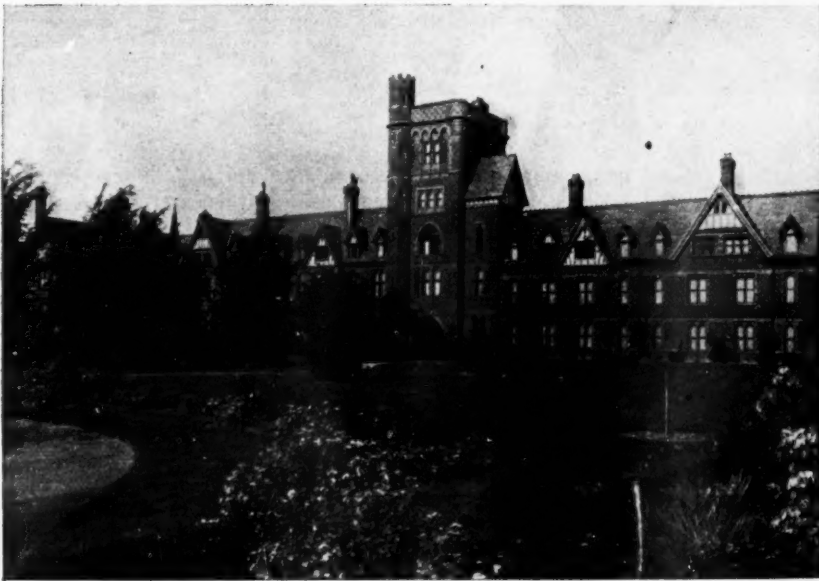
hour), but the "lady students" increased so rapidly that the demand for "sixpenny chaperons" far outran the supply, and the ignoble custom was wisely abandoned.

Apropos of chaperons, one of the Oxford dons tells with much relish the story of a request he received in the early days of the women students to lecture at one of the women's halls. As he was young, unmarried, and, therefore, unprotected, he replied he would be very pleased to come if he might bring *his* chaperon with him!

Other tutors tell with much amusement

always appear in like garb. The women, excluded still from the Bachelor's degree, are also excluded from its accompaniment—the cap and gown.

Even were this allowed, it would be a questionable dignity, since the undergraduate's gown is, in fact, "not all a" gown, but a short, sleeveless jacket, frequently bundled up in winter as a neck-muffler, and which to the glory of the undergraduate becomes very degenerate as to rents and scorches before it is exchanged for the dignified ermine-hooded B. A. robe. In its present curtailed



GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

of the days when they "coached," or lectured to, two or more fair students, while as many chaperons sat demurely by, intent on fancy work or something equally engrossing. But those days are past, and now the women visit the lecture room, laboratory, and library as freely as the men, with, perhaps, a certain coyness, or shyness, as to mutual recognitions which would hardly be observable in an American institution.

The lectures are given by the professors or tutors, as in Tom Brown's time, "in full fig of cap and gown," and the men must

condition, the undergraduate gown is a prerogative which the women can wisely forego, although the fascinating "trencher," or mortar-board, is an accompaniment which few would relinquish after once its charms were apparent.

To an American woman recently at either Oxford or Cambridge, the most absorbing question has been the much-mooted one of degrees. The royal road to a degree is by way of the examinations. The women take the same examinations as the men—but alas! as yet they do *not* take degrees.



END OF LADY MARGARET HALL, OXFORD.

The matter *pro* and *con* has been discussed even to weariness, and some time must elapse before it is again vigorously renewed. The outlook is encouraging, however, as each time it is proposed there is a smaller majority against it, and its final adjustment is simply a question of time and a little longer agitation.

The peculiar constitution of the English

universities makes it quite a complicated question. All university changes must be submitted to the vote of Convocation—the non-resident, as well as the resident M. A.'s, and, as might be expected, the non-resident element, many of them long “gone down,” is more conservative and less in sympathy with change than the resident portion, and frequently overrides the wishes of the latter. In fact, many of the opponents of the B. A. for women have been inspired by the fear that the M. A. would follow, with its privilege of voting in university affairs. The recent

decision at Cambridge was against granting both the B. A. and M. A. without the voting privilege.

It is, perhaps, fair to say that many of the friends of women's education have believed that there were disadvantages in the requirements for a degree heretofore which would not compensate for its advantages.

The degree of B. A. is attained by two



NEW HALL, SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE AND THE CHERWELL, OXFORD.

distinct courses. That which entitles one simply to the pass B. A. demands no more work than is required for the same degree in any first-class American college.

Those who do not yearn for the credit of scholarship are readily satisfied with the pass degree; and as it is residence at the university that makes the English gentleman, nearly half the graduates every year are content to be pass-men, rather than class-men.

The other course—that for honors—is the one usually taken by the women, and at Cambridge no other is permitted them by the Woman's Association.

Three examinations are essential to the honors degree. First, the "prelim," or matriculation examination, known as "responsions," the "little go," and "smalls," taken a short time after the student "comes up." The second, usually known as "moderations," or "mods," occurs within the first year and a half of residence. The

third, known as "greats," is taken at the end of the three years' course. The *viva voce* examination, or "vivas," is an ordeal which especially tries one's soul, as the public is permitted to be present, and some are "plucked" who would never be "turned down" by a written examination.

Consecutive residence for three university years is an absolute requirement for a degree. If a man is compelled to "stay down" one year, he usually loses his chance of an honors B. A. and must accept a pass degree. This is a very severe restriction, as a man's position in professional life is more uniformly gauged by his university standing than in America.

At present, the women, not being admitted to the degree, are permitted to "come up" for the final honors examination whenever ready, whether at the end of two, three, or four years. Though most of the women are in residence, this is not absolutely required at Oxford, but is enforced at Cambridge.

It does not, therefore, work the same hardship as with the men, of whom, both don and undergraduate, it is strictly required at Oxford that they "must sleep within a mile and a half of Carfax" (the center of the city). One of the professors, erecting a new house, suddenly discovered it to be a few feet beyond the restriction. He compromised matters by adding a room within the limits, in which he *slept*, and thus in true British fashion complied with the very letter of the law.

As women are not admitted to degrees, both the time-limit and the conditions of the preliminary examination have been relaxed in their cases. Cambridge is, however, insisting on the same requirements as the men, and were the degree once conferred the conditions would, of course, be made identical.

The women have long taken "first-class" and "double-first" (two schools) in the honors examination and twice have surpassed the men as senior wranglers in the



ADDISON'S WALK, OXFORD.

mathematical tripos—the highest honor at the University of Cambridge.

A distinctive part of the university system is the peculiarly English method of "coaching" with an individual instructor.

"It is this personal intercourse of teacher and taught which is the most marked and valuable feature of English university education." Students "coaching" each week,

with men who are authorities in their particular departments, not only come into intimate and stimulating contact with advanced thought, but are given an impetus toward original work and investigation. As most American women who study at the universities have already taken the B. A. degree, it is in securing an efficient "coach," rather than in the lectures, that the most valuable help is received. The M. A. is an honorary degree solely, conferred on graduates of the university.

Oxford is particularly strong in classics, philosophy, and history, constituting the *Litteræ Humaniores* School, Cambridge in science and mathematics.

The subject of English is treated only from the philological standpoint in the university, although strong memorials are being presented for its study as literature. The courses



THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

on English literature arranged by the Woman's Association at Oxford, and given by university tutors, are attended each year by an increasing number of both men and women students. It would seem that no places could lend themselves so attractively to the study of the nation's classics as these, which have produced the creators of English literature—Spencer, Milton, Addison, Wordsworth, Shelley, Arnold, Ruskin, and many others.

The writer remembers with keen interest a recent course on Shelley, in the old Hall of University College, Oxford. Here Shelley himself had sat in the days before he was expelled from his *alma mater*, which now glories in an exquisite monument to his memory. Across the "quad" was the room where he and his friend Hogg had built such disastrous philosophic air castles, and beyond "The High," in that vast treasure-house, the Bodleian, were choice relics of the poet, an exquisite miniature, the autograph manuscripts of "Prometheus Unbound," and the copy of Sophocles which he clasped as he sank in the far Italian waters. Disciples of Ruskin's utilitarian ideas can visit the still very miry spot on the Hincksey road where Ruskin, then professor of the fine arts, used to induce his elegant pupils to taste the sweets of manual toil in the useful exercise of road-making. These are some of the "living facts" which vitalize the writings of an author and make literature and life seem one and inseparable.

Both at Oxford and Cambridge the social life is quite as interesting as the student life.

The women's halls are not built around quadrangles, or "quads," as is the university custom. A few of them, originally manor houses, still retain their broad lawns for tennis and the charms of garden parties.

Among a race as devoted to sport as the English, one naturally finds much time given to athletics, for which the women are quite as "keen" as the men. The mornings are given up to lectures, "coaches," and reading in the Bodleian. The afternoons are as studiously devoted to sport and relaxation. Cricket, tennis, la-crosse, C—Apr.

and rowing all have their disciples, who rigorously prepare for the inter-university matches. Walking is the exercise *par excellence*, and that an English girl is always equipped to enjoy it her ankle-length skirts will prove at a glance. Hockey is the great fall sport, and no more animated scene can be imagined than when the rival "elevens," in white and blue blouses and short skirts, their ankles safely encased in stalwart guards, go bounding over the field in pursuit of the elusive ball. At such an exciting moment an American girl is fairly paralyzed by the inflexible kind of applause(?) which distinguishes an English from an American athletic crowd.

The English rarely or never let themselves go, no matter how excited they become, and the invariably stolid and uninspiring "Well-played, Newnham!" "Well-played, Lady Margaret!" is simply an exasperation to an American, familiar with the inspiring "Rah! rah! rah!" which thrills our winning teams.

No matter how absorbing an afternoon's sport becomes, it is an unwritten part of every English man or woman's creed "Never, no, never! to be slaves!" to aught but four o'clock tea; and at this national function the men are no less ardent devotees than the women. In fact, it is a debated question who can brew the better cup of tea, the university man or maiden. So addicted to "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates" are these compatriots of Dr. Johnson—he of twenty-cup fame—that they quite fail to appreciate the feeling of the American girl, who pressed time and again to know if she had not become a devout tea-drinker, confessed that she had absorbed so much tea while in England that she felt as if she were "held in solution." No one hears of "afternoon chocolate," even with "switched cream," and "sweets"—English for bon-bons—are equally out of place. Hot-buttered buns, Banbury cakes, scones, and petticoat-tails shortbread, the last fresh from Scotland if possible, are the proper *menu*, with jam sandwiches and plum-cake as a finish. An American would suggest lemonade, or more

properly "lemon-squash," in summer; but no, the tea-cup reigns supreme all the year round.

Societies and clubs are quite as much in vogue in England as in America, and consume no less of the "varsity" girl's spare time.

The fortnightly sessions of the House of Commons give the debating society fine opportunity for trenchant discussions on momentous issues, and the "members of the House" become intense partizans, as the "honorable proposer" or "opposer" of the motion carries everything before her.

When on social problems bent, the Fabian Society listens to such economic authorities as Mrs. Sidney Webb, or Mrs. Millicent Fawcett; while the Architectural Society needs only stroll around the corner to find the choicest monuments of Saxon, Norman, Gothic, or Renaissance.

No less of a treasure-trove exists for the Historical Club. For Oxford and Cambridge—athrob with the vital memories of the past—are, in fact, English history in miniature.

Think of passing each day the stirring spot where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned at the stake, or of prosaically taking notes within the majestic Hall of Christ Church College, from whose walls look down the faces of those makers of history, Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, and Queen Elizabeth—with those of its famous students, Sir Philip Sydney, the Duke of Wellington, Peel, Pitt, and Mr. Gladstone. Across the street is Pembroke gateway, where "Great Johnson" in tattered gown and dirty linen used to delight his fellow students with his brilliant audacity and wit. Down "the stream-like windings of that glorious street," as Wordsworth calls "The High," stands the ancient church of St. Mary the Virgin, whence Cranmer, brought for trial, was hurried to the stake. Within its chancel lies Amy Robsart, the wife of Lord Dudley, Elizabeth's favorite, whose tragic fate Scott portrays so vividly in "Kenilworth," and just beyond is old Queen's College, where were educated in by-gone student years the Black Prince,

Henry V., and John Wyclif, the Morning Star of the Reformation.

But, perhaps, it is this very embarrassment of historic riches which overwhelms the "varsity" girl's soul, and causes her to give utterance to sentiments such as these which appeared recently in the sympathetic columns of *The Fritillary* (the woman students' magazine) on

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

It was a hist'ry student who resided by the "Cher,"

Round her head a moistened towel,

She sat buried in "Yorke Powell"

And anon she murmured sadly, "How many views there are!"

Were the Saxon villeins servile when they voyaged o'er the sea?

Did the sheriffs farm the taxes?

If the druids had no axes

How they gathered all that misletoe 's a mystery to me!

Now Stubbs' three-volume hist'ry is a prop which cannot fail,

He is cautious, he is wary,

He is agile as a fairy,

"'Tis hard to catch a downy bird by salting of his tail."

When views are most conflicting and you don't know what the mean

Discreetly draw a curtain,

Delightfully uncertain,

Assert your deep conviction that the truth must lie between.

You can show a rare intelligence by phrases of this kind,

"On the whole, we may say, mainly,

Hal the Eighth was not ungainly":

For a hesitating attitude becomes the humble mind.

Try your best to catch the spirit of the medieval past

For a pleasant party bias

Will save it being dry as

Dust, and shows a human interest in times remotely cast.

A proverb or quotation gives a light, fantastic touch,

If it's known, invert the commas,

If it's not, cast conscience from us,

Pretend it is original and write it down as such.

A wholesome private conscience is well enough, of course,

But the true "Historic Method"

Leaves the mental sphere untethered,

Intellectual morality's another colored horse.

It is at moments such as these, when the "grasshopper has become a burden" and the jaded brain refuses longer to be spurred, when even one's ethics threaten to become sadly mixed, that the Dramatic Society comes to the rescue with a play, or the restful abandon of a fancy dress dance.

Here one may study Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins from the life, sympathize with the "Undergraduate," zealously pursued by the "Senior Proctor," or watch "Lady Teazle" impartially distributing her favors, and thereby creating mad jealousy in the heart of a gallant young "Surface." While "Autumn" is suitably accompanied by the "Sere and Yellow Leaf," others are not so fortunate in partners, and one smiles to see Jack Horner with Mary Stuart, Trilby with Boadicea, while Louis XIV. stoops to the "Cherwoman," and "Panting Time" toils after them in vain.

Each of the yearly terms, Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity, has its own particular attractions, ending in June with the long-remembered festivities of commemoration week. The great boat-races, "the eights," are the pivot, around which revolve the boat procession, the bump-supper, banquet, ball, and bonfire.

At this gay season half Oxford or Cambridge spends its afternoons on the banks of the Isis, or along "the Backs," by the Cam. The college barges—elegant club-houses—overflow with university men and maidens, and their visitors, adorned in all the glory of Paris and London styles. Let us, too, imagine ourselves among the visi-

tors, and increase the enthusiasm with a "Well-rowed, Balliol, or Christ Church!" as the winning crew makes its victorious "bump."

As we wend our way from the races back to "the quaint city with its dreaming spires," Magdalen's exquisite chimes peal forth and suggest we are still in time for vespers. University women are eminently religious, and not even the gaities of "the eights" week will tempt them from this service.

With them we pass through the cloisters, down Addison's Walk by the banks of the "Cher." Here gay Oxonians, paddling down stream in birch-bark Canadas, remind us of the days when Lewis Carroll, then a student at Christ Church, used to row little Alice Liddell, the daughter of his dean, under these same pink and white hawthorns, and tell her the delightful tales now famous as "Alice in Wonderland."

But as we glance up at the stately tower, we too almost fancy ourselves in wonderland. From its graceful top we seem to hear the glorious old Latin hymn—the "Magdalen Grace"—which has greeted the ears of Oxford students every May morning for centuries past.

A peal of the chimes rings forth as we turn to enter the chapel, and leaves in our ears the memory of the long-ago in the bloom and verdure of the English summer twilight. "Surely," we exclaim, "a noble heritage are these learned foundations for the sons and daughters of fair England's past!"

THE AMERICAN CARPET INDUSTRY.

BY FRED. V. FLETCHER.

THERE are but few industries in the United States which are of such interest to the public generally as is the manufacture of carpeting. The product of the carpet-loom appeals to every housewife, and in the rise and development of the industry there is much to arrest the attention alike of the mechanic, the man of

business, and the student of economic problems.

In colonial days the only woven coverings used to any material extent for floors were rag carpets and rugs. All other textures employed for this purpose were imported, their production here being prohibited by the British government on the theory that

the manufacturers of the mother country should be protected from competition in her colonies.

The bulk of the carpeting imported here in those times was the old-fashioned ingrain, known then as Scot's or Kidderminster carpet. A small quantity of Turkish carpets and rugs found a market among wealthy people, but such persons were far from numerous then, and in most houses a rag carpet was regarded as good enough for the parlor, while for the chambers, bedside strips or rugs of the same material were thought sufficient. In the kitchen the floor had generally no other covering than sand, which was strewn over it, as is still the custom in the public rooms of some country hotels or taverns. In New York it was not unusual for the Dutch *wronw* to employ sand on the parlor floor, the covering being often made more ornamental by drawing designs upon it with a broom. These patterns would, of course, be marred by footprints, but they could be quickly restored, and in those days, as even now in farmhouses, the parlor was used by many housewives only on such occasions as weddings, funerals, and formal family gatherings.

The manufacture of rag carpets and rugs was then a wide-spread industry. Every village had its weaver with his primitive hand-loom, and many farmers' wives had their own looms, which were brought into service whenever the family rag-bags had become sufficiently full.

Rag carpets were made then, as now, with a warp of cotton thread or twine and a weft of rags. There were several other kinds of floor coverings, but in most of them rags formed the basis of the fabric. Hooked rugs, made by drawing bits of rags or waste woolen yarn through a foundation of burlap, got their name from the hook used in forcing the yarn through from one side of the burlap to the other. A pattern was drawn on the burlap and worked in with yarns. If home talent were not equal to the designing of the pattern, the burlap with designs stamped upon it could be bought in the country store. Another popular rug was made of strips of rags, dyed

and then braided together. A piece of Brussels carpet was generally used as a center, around which the braids were sewed. Such rugs are still made in farmhouses, and in the census of 1890 the number of workshops producing rag carpets was given as 854, their aggregate product in that year being valued at \$1,714,480.

The first factory in this country in which carpets made of yarn, not rags, were manufactured was established at Philadelphia in 1791. This may be called the beginning of the American carpet industry; as floor coverings made of rags cannot be regarded as carpeting in the ordinary commercial sense of the term.

During the twenty years following the opening of the Philadelphia factory several others were started. Most of them were situated in the Quaker City. Massachusetts had two or three, Connecticut and New York about the same number, and Maryland one. According to the census of 1810 only 9,984 yards of "carpeting and coverlid" were made in the United States in that year, and of this amount Philadelphia produced about 7,500 yards.

The first important advance in the industry was made in 1829, when the pattern weaving apparatus invented by Jacquard was adapted for use on carpet-looms.

A still greater advance, one which marked a new epoch in the industry, occurred about twelve years later, when Erastus B. Bigelow perfected his power ingrain loom, the first practicable power carpet-loom invented. The hand-loom could produce but seven or eight yards of carpet in a day. Bigelow's original power-loom wove only four or five yards more in the same time, but improvements soon made by him in the mechanism increased the product, until it amounted to twenty-seven yards a day.

In 1840 there were about thirty carpet factories in the United States. Most of them made ingrain carpets only, Brussels carpet being produced to but a small extent, and solely on hand-looms. Ten years later Bigelow invented a power-loom for weaving Brussels carpets, and the production of this kind of carpeting was then greatly increased.

The principal kinds of carpets now made in this country are Wilton, Brussels, tapestry Brussels, velvet, Axminster, moquette, and ingrain. Wilton and Brussels carpets are made on the same species of loom. They have a cotton or linen chain, a linen filling, and a warp of colored worsted yarn. The worsted warp is raised into loops on the face of the carpet and forms the pattern. The loops are made by wires which are successively inserted and withdrawn under the worsted warp as the weaving progresses. In making Wilton carpet each wire is provided with a sharp blade which cuts the loops open as it is withdrawn and thus forms a velvet-like pile on the face of the carpet. Wilton carpeting has usually about fifty per cent more wool than is used in Brussels. Tapestry Brussels, generally called tapestry carpet, has a cotton chain, a linen or jute filling, a jute yarn backing, and a worsted warp. The face of the carpet is composed of this worsted warp, which is printed in the yarn so as to produce a pattern when woven. The loops on the surface are formed by using wires, as in Brussels carpets, and when these wires have a cutting blade tapestry Brussels becomes velvet carpet. Wool is used much more largely in velvet carpets than in tapestry Brussels. Moquette is a pile carpet woven on a power-loom of American invention, which forms the pile face by cutting off little pieces of woollen yarn and fastening them to the warp-threads. American Axminster carpets are similar to moquettes, the loom used being but slightly different in principle. Ingrain is a carpet made in two plies, the warp being worsted or cotton and the filling wool.

The Quaker City took the lead in carpet manufacture in the infancy of the industry, and has retained it ever since. Philadelphia manufactures more carpeting than any other city in the world, and in the amount of carpeting made the United States excels all other countries, Great Britain, which was first, being now second in the industry. Carpet manufacturing was greatly stimulated in this country by the Civil War, the higher duties on foreign goods, and some

other results of the war. Still, in 1866 the product of carpeting in the United States was valued at the comparatively small amount of \$7,851,696. But ten years later the product had increased to \$21,761,573, and in 1890 it had reached the value of \$50,000,000. According to the census of that year, the number of factories then in operation was 173, representing a capital of \$38,208,420 and employing 29,121 persons. These statistics do not include rag carpet factories.

American inventors have supplied our carpet industry with machinery superior to any made elsewhere and the carpets woven on American power-looms are fully equal, grade for grade, to the power-loom products of European mills. As but one illustration of the successful application of American inventive talent to carpet-making machinery, the tapestry Brussels loom may be taken. Fifty years ago the product of this loom was about five yards a day. Ten years later it had increased to sixteen yards a day, and now fifty or sixty yards a day is the usual product.

Until about twenty-five years ago there was a tendency among us to underrate our own carpets and regard the British goods, especially Wiltons and Brussels, as superior. This idea had some justification in the infancy of the industry here, but has none whatever now, and the general recognition of this fact is clearly shown in the immense decline in imports of European carpeting during recent years.

In 1870 the imports of British carpeting into the United States were valued at \$6,882,451. Nine years later the imports of such goods had dropped to a valuation of \$367,105. In the eleven months ending November 30, 1898, the imports of carpeting and rugs from Great Britain were valued at \$534,938, and a considerable proportion of these imports consisted of oriental rugs, London being a great market for such goods.

The European carpeting now imported consists mainly of choice and costly specialties. Great Britain sends us a small quantity of Wilton and Brussels carpets, which

are sold here at from \$3.50 to \$5 a yard. The Scotch chenille Axminster carpets bring here about the same prices, and the English or Scotch hand-made Axminsters cost in this country from \$10 to \$50 a yard. From France we get a few Savonnerie and Aubusson carpets. The Savonnerie goods cost us from \$15 to \$50 a yard, and for Aubusson carpets we pay from \$20 to \$35 a yard.

The great decline in imports of European goods is of course to be attributed largely to the protective tariff, but quite as much to the remarkable improvements effected in carpet-making machinery by American inventors and the enterprise of our manufacturers in utilizing these and other means of improving the quality of their goods, increasing the product, and lessening the cost. The present tariff provides for duties on all foreign carpeting, but also imposes a high duty on the third-class foreign wool which is the principal raw material of carpet manufacture.

It is now the oriental weavers, the rug-makers of Turkey, Persia, the Caucasus, and India, the straw-matting weavers of China and Japan, who are the principal competitors with our home manufacturers. Imports of oriental rugs and straw-matting have increased greatly in recent years. Eastern rugs are fashionable, and have solid merit as well. Straw-matting is low in price and makes an excellent floor covering during hot weather.

But neither of these products of the Orient can ever interfere seriously with our carpet industry. Straw-matting, although lower in price, is not so durable as woolen carpeting, and our cold winters and springs call for something warmer under foot than a straw fabric can be. Good oriental rugs are ideal floor coverings, but they are costly and rapidly becoming more so. The growth of the demand for them has stimulated their manufacture, but the oriental weavers as a class are not adapted to the factory system, and the production of the goods is therefore not likely to increase sufficiently to make them an especially important factor in the American trade. The attempt to meet the

demand for them has already resulted in a serious deterioration in the quality of many of these rugs, and indeed a large proportion of those now imported lack all the virtues which made the antique rugs so famous. The public here does not want these inferior goods and the better grades are too expensive for general use.

Our export trade in carpets has never been large, and it is not capable of increase to any material extent. European manufacturers control this branch of the trade, because labor and all the raw materials required cost much less in Europe than they do in the United States. American manufacturers are obliged to import their wool and pay a heavy duty on it. Our tariff provides for rebates on woolen carpeting of American manufacture when such goods are exported, but the compensation thus offered is so hedged about by restrictions and complicated requirements as to be practically useless to exporters.

Our exports of carpets consist principally of goods which are sold at cost or near it, to relieve the manufacturer of an inconvenient surplus. Canada takes the larger part of such carpeting. The countries south of us use but little, for the climate renders it unnecessary or undesirable. The small quantity sent to Central America, Mexico, and South America finds a market chiefly among the European settlers there, and is almost entirely of European manufacture.

The only great market open to our carpet manufacturers is in their own country, but this is the best in the world. Our population is now more than 70,000,000 and we consume far more carpeting than does any other nation.

But the carpet industry of this country labors under one serious disadvantage, one which has apparently no remedy. This is that the United States does not produce the kind of wool which is the principal raw material of the trade. All but an insignificant proportion of the wool used is imported, and this must always be so, for American wool-growers have no inducement to produce the inferior low-priced wool which is indispensable in carpet manufacture. Such wool comes

from sheep that wander over wild or but partially cultivated regions of Europe and Asia, the bleak, lonely steppes of Russia, and thinly settled, barbarous, or half-civilized countries of Asia. There is no similar territory in the United States excepting some parts of New Mexico and Colorado, and from there comes nearly all of the small quantity of domestic wool available for carpets. In this country the wool-grower will not keep the inferior breed of sheep producing carpet wool, when with the same land and but little more trouble and expense he can breed the merino sheep, whose finer and thicker fleece can be used for clothing and return a far greater profit.

Notwithstanding these facts, which are familiar to most sheep-breeders, although not so well known to the public, a small clique of wool-growers is continually striving to raise the duties on foreign carpet wool, the object being apparently to make it as high in cost as the domestic clothing wool. This scheme is based upon the notion that if the foreign wool were not imported, the demand for our domestic clothing wool would be greatly increased.

It will be observed that this plan ignores entirely the unquestionable fact that our

clothing wool cannot be used for carpets. It is not simply the cost, it is the character of the wool which renders it unfit for such a purpose. It lacks the indispensable quality of durability. It is strong enough for garments, but cannot bear the rough usage which a woven floor covering must endure.

Heavier duties on foreign carpet wool would not prevent its importation, but would so increase the cost of carpeting as to make it a luxury for the rich alone. The masses of the people would dispense altogether with carpets, as they now do in most European countries.

Carpet manufacturers believe in the necessity for a protective tariff, and in consideration of the general principle of protection they are quite willing to pay a duty on the wool they import, although it does not enter into competition with any domestic product, but there is a point beyond which such taxation cannot be increased without dealing a staggering blow to their industry.

Surely fair treatment, at least, is due to an industry so typically American, in which the national energy and enterprise have accomplished such great results, and American mechanical skill and inventive genius have found such brilliant expression.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

BY RICHARD GOTTHEIL, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF SEMITIC LANGUAGES IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Success incarnate, self-inspired, self-raised

To that proud height whereat youth's fancy aimed,
Whom even those who doubted whilst they praised,
Admired, e'en whilst they blamed.

FOR nearly forty years one of the most potent forces in England had held him up to ridicule and laughter. But when death closed in at last upon Sheikh Ben Dizzy, *Punch* paid him a tribute, from which the above verse is taken, which is a good measure of the rôle he had played and the place he had won in those momentous years of English politics. A stranger in blood, he had become the guardian of the things most sacred to the people among

whom he lived. An oriental to the backbone, he had gotten in trust the interests of the most occidental nation in Europe. A Jew still at heart, he had become the staunch upholder and defender of a national Christian Church. He had turned ridicule into admiration and scorn into respect; he had disarmed criticism and silenced censure. A plebeian at birth, he had become the trusted friend and adviser of his queen. A man who can accomplish all this must surely have possessed exceptional powers.

Most potent among these powers was an all-embracing, all-controlling will. From the day of his first and abortive effort

in the Commons, in 1837, to the day of his triumphal return to Parliament, after the signing of the Berlin treaty in 1878, success came to him as the reward of unflagging determination. "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me"—the historic ending of his maiden attempt—was the watchword of this determination. Few statesmen have entered the arena of politics with less armor on than he. He was an alien in race and in appearance. Even in school—so he tells us in "Contarini Fleming" and "Vivian Grey"—his eastern extraction had stood in his way. He was without riches—in fact, often embarrassed for money. He was a coxcomb in his dress, and a speaker after a fashion then unknown at the hustings and on the floor of the House. Any one with less will power would have speedily turned tail and fled. But he fought his way through all. He could afford to wait. He could accept defeat with grace, and failure with good temper. He had complete confidence in himself and in the final rising of his star.

Four times he had attempted to enter Parliament and had failed. The fifth time he succeeded. For three times he was a member of the cabinet, twice as chancellor of the exchequer, and once even he was prime minister, without having a parliamentary majority with which to work. On the fifth occasion (1874) he took office with a strong majority in both Houses and sustained by the publicly acknowledged good will of the sovereign. Two years later, this coxcomb of an alien race passed into the House of Lords, and sat with the select representatives of England's nobility as Earl Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield, Viscount Hughenden of Hughenden, Knight of the Garter.

With this determined will he combined an exact knowledge of the extent of his own powers. While he never underrated them, he never for long taxed them beyond their strength. He tried poetry in "The Revolutionary Epoch." He knew that he had failed; and, though some of his verses in "Venetia" are said by critics to have real value, he never tried again to write in

verse. He found that his powers lay in a different direction, and he used those powers to his utmost advantage. This knowledge of himself gave him the needed courage. No more dauntless act is on record than his daring attack on Sir Robert Peel (1845) from out of the ranks of that minister's own supporters. It was a great risk to take. Peel was an accomplished parliamentarian, the first man in England. But he who took that risk had full knowledge of his own powers and felt his ability to follow the road upon which he had started.

Disraeli has been called the Great Sphinx, and one of *Punch's* celebrated caricatures represents him as such with a knowing wink in one of his eyes. I do not think that this carries with it any charge of insincerity or simulation. He abhorred cant in all its forms; and, if his aspirations were not of an ethereal nature, he was the first to say so. He worked for a name and for place. "Fear not, faint not, falter not. Obey the impulse of thine own spirit and find a ready instrument in every human being," is the advice given to one of his heroes. But he never once descended to a low trick or a mean action. They who accuse him of insincerity have missed the root nature of his being.

It was his constant boast that he was the representative of the Semitic principle. Few Jews who live outside of the synagogue have had so strong a feeling for their race as had Disraeli. Few Jews who live within its four walls have made the extravagant claims for the work their people have done in the world's history which this Jewish member of the English Church puts into the mouth of Sidonia. It speaks well for him that he never put the fact of his origin in the background. He prided himself in that which others cited to his discredit. And even when malicious tongues had been silenced by his success, he continued to glory in it.

The foundations of his character were laid in this Semitism. The blood of Judæo-Spanish grandees ran in his veins and affected his whole character. If he had

the love of show and of spangle and of garish ornamentation, showing itself in his own personal appearance and in the characters of his novels, he had also that indomitable courage in the face of untoward and ill-starred fate which had enabled his forefathers to withstand suffering and pain. He owed to it that ubiquity, that suppleness and pliancy which made it possible for him to accommodate himself so readily to altered circumstances. He owed to it, also, that love of law and order, that veneration for old England in its feudal character, that desire to "conserve" the old that made him the real founder of the Conservative party, the vindicator of the British constitution.

But this descendant of the haughty race of Spanish Jews had been born in England. He had read voraciously and had traveled much. He had imbibed something of the new spirit which had caused his father to leave the Bevis Marks Synagogue on account of what he called the "narrowness of the Jewish system." This new had, in a sense, been grafted upon the old. Disraeli himself believed that the graft had been successful. To the people at large it appeared different. He was looked upon as inconsistent and unsteady. It appeared impossible that one and the same man could be both courtier and tribune. The one was his Semitic nature, the other the English ongrafting. It seemed impossible that one and the same man could, to use his own words, "approve the action of the Chartists and at the same time disapprove of Chartism." The Englishman in him compassionated the workman's lot and felt for his aspirations. The Semite in him thought that this could be carried out only by a return to a sort of feudal system, in which the various sections of society should have duties as well as rights. It seemed impossible that one who rated so highly the genius of the Semite and the value of the Semite's religious gift to mankind could at the same time be the stanch upholder of the Protestant Established Church. His ancestors had been brought up in an established Jewish Church, in

which ecclesiastical authority had not been weak. But he had become an Englishman and he looked now to the church of that country and was zealous for it. He inveigled his own conscience into really believing that "Christianity was Judaism for the multitude." And so these two streams were continually flowing through him. They were the expression of a double nature, which only in his own mind could live on side by side. He commenced political life as a Radical; he ended as a Conservative. "No statesman can disregard with impunity the genius of the epoch in which he lives" was his own explanation!

In the changing character of events it is difficult to estimate the effect which individual statesmen exercise upon the destinies of the country they have been called upon to lead. "One who affects the mind of his generation" is a great man, according to Disraeli's own definition. But adjectives have little meaning; and the title "great" has been oftener misapplied than it has been deserved. Disraeli can hardly be said to have exerted a strong influence upon the development of the internal life of Great Britain. No great measure will remain connected with his name. He was the ruling spirit of the Derby administration of 1867; but the Reform Bill which he passed was but a trump card snatched from the Whigs and played for the success it would bring his party with the people. He had, it is true, called the Jews to enter Parliament. But he had been entirely unable to grapple with the great Irish question. Gladstone had come into power in 1868 with the express purpose of finding a solution to this difficult problem. He left the ministry in 1872, with nothing accomplished. Now was Disraeli's chance. But he let the chance slip; he tacitly acknowledged his inability to do anything. His Public Worship Act, which was intended to put a stop to ritualism, has not stopped discussion and acrimonious debate within the ranks of the church.

But the success of his later years, the only years in which he had real power to mold the course of events, lies in his policy

toward the Greater Britain and the globe at large. He was an imperialist in the truest sense of the word. England's greatness, to him, lay in her colonial empire and in the work which she could there do to make her civilizing influence felt in all directions. Disraeli has been reproached with being the father of jingoism. In so far as jingoism is a natural outcome of all imperialism, this charge may be true. He has also been reproached with having tried to make of England an Asiatic power. Recent events in the far East have shown how clear a view this Hebrew-English prophet had.

The great world-struggles of the twentieth century will be in Asia. Disraeli saw the small cloud on the horizon. Asia was to live again at some time, and he undoubtedly felt that his own race would in some manner share in this upbuilding. He had a romantic interest in Palestine; in the face of Bulgarian atrocities and of a strong anti-Mohammedan sentiment, he upheld the integrity of the Turkish Empire; Turkey had been sinned against as much as she had sinned. He created his queen empress of India and brought Indian soldiers to Malta. He acquired possession of Cyprus, and bought up a controlling interest in the Suez Canal. He saw that England's great enemy was Russia, whether at Constantinople or near the Himalayas. Had his policy been continued, England would not now be confronted by the danger of being wiped out of Asia by that same Russia, nor would she see Muscovite railroads and Muscovite soldiers at the very gates of her Indian Empire. And even should England turn from the dream of becoming a great Asiatic power to the hope of becoming a great African one under a Cecil Rhodes, the foresight of Disraeli in securing for her a firm foothold at the joining of the continents will go a long way toward enabling her to realize such a hope.

To all this the policy of the Liberals had been in direct opposition. It had been an almost unbroken series of disasters and of retreat. And with this retreat went also the prestige of England in the council of European nations. The four years of

Gladstone's administration (1868-72) had seen the pitiful rôle of England during the Franco-Prussian War, the undoing of everything gained by the Crimean War, and the enforced settlement of the Alabama Claims. It was Disraeli who once more raised that rôle to some importance; and his traditions have been sacredly kept by his pupil, the Marquis of Salisbury. The Berlin Conference (1878), which he had called, in order to save Turkey from falling a prey to England's enemy, Russia, was perhaps the great success of his life. His figure dominated its councils; and though most of its provisions have remained without effect, it has brought England once again into its rightful place as one of the great European powers. Shortly after the congress had been held, the words of Zachariah (viii. 23) were not inaptly applied: "In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold of the languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, we will go with you."

I have said that as a speaker his style was unknown to the House at the time he entered it. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the two great leaders who for so many years stood upon opposite sides of the table. Gladstone was forceful in his simplicity; he was calm, even when speaking with great emphasis. Disraeli was never calm, except when he was poking fun or pouring out his sarcasm. He had a jerky way of talking; his whole body would sway and his head and hand assist in marking certain points. He was greatest in sudden effects; his most deadly weapon was sarcasm. It was this that brought such big game as Peel to his feet. But at times it cost him dear. When he spoke of "grasping the bloody hand" of O'Connell he brought down upon him the fury of the whole Irish party, which at one time almost submerged him. In answer to a criticism of Gladstone, he described his great opponent as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination!"

But Disraeli was something more than a

statesman and an orator. Like Julius Cæsar, Cicero, Frederick the Great, Guizot, and Thiers, he was also an author. At one time, in early life, he seriously thought of taking to literature as a profession. He was a voluminous writer. The literary merit is greater in his earlier than in his later works. But they are all full of fine pieces of description, and exhibit those powers of sarcasm and debate which won him influence in his chosen walk of life.

All his novels are "tendency" novels, with the exception, perhaps, of "Venetia" and "Henrietta Temple." "Sybil" treats of the problems of social reform; "Tanned" is busied with religious questions. "Coningsby" and "Lothair" are the

works by which he will live longest as an author. They are the political novel, of which he was largely the creator. Here, under a very thin guise, we can follow the political life of the time in which their author played so important a part. "Con-
tarini Fleming" and "Vivian Grey" are full of pictures of his own early life. ✓

As statesman, orator, writer he was never idle. Nothing that Disraeli did was small and puny, and he will always remain one of the most picturesque figures among the many great men who have served England during the Victorian Age. When he once stood for election he was asked upon what he stood. "Upon my head," was his characteristic reply.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

He showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs.—*Acts i. 3.*

IN treating the resurrection of Jesus Christ we are oppressed with a sense of its tremendous importance. No fact excels it. No fact carries so much in it. Christianity stands or falls with it. Risen or not risen? that is the question. If Christ be not risen then his character is a wreck, and a wreck from which it is impossible to save anything worth advocating, worth having, worth keeping.

But if Christ be risen, what then? Then Christianity is divine and true, and everything that conflicts with Christianity is human and false. Then Jesus of Nazareth is what he claimed to be—the Son of God. Then redemption on Calvary is a glorious reality. Then life beyond the grave is a fact. Then the coming triumph of goodness is certain and indisputable.

Risen or not risen? that is the question. In dealing with this question we take the position of the text, viz.:

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is an historic fact, and as such it is substantiated by infallible proofs.

There are three lines of argument upon which I wish to dwell.

1. As an historical fact the resurrection of Christ is established by other facts which grow out of it and which are connected with it.

(a) The Christian Church is a witnessing fact. Whence this great organization, the Christian Church? Where did it get its missionary life? It got it from the resurrected Christ, who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." What gospel does it bring to the world? The gospel of the resurrection.

This is its creed, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth that Jesus Christ is Lord, and shall believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." But what is the Christian Church? It is an organization linked to the days of the apostles by an unbroken history. It is the fruit of Christ's resurrection. It stands related to Christ's resurrection just as this republic stands related to the patriotism of the revolutionary heroes.

(b) The Christian Sabbath is a witnessing fact. The Christian Sabbath was not the original Sabbath; the Jews in our midst with their seventh-day Sabbath are a proof of this. By their seventh-day Sabbath-keeping they are raising the question from

pole to pole, "Why do the Jews and Christians keep a different Sabbath?" The answer to this question brings out the history of the Christian Sabbath. This is its history: The Christian Sabbath is kept as a memorial of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and as such it dates back to the time when the apostles saw the Risen One. In the Christian Sabbaths which have blessed the earth we have a grand chain of time which is made out of the links of weeks. Taking hold of the last formed link and throwing our might into one long, strong, testing pull, we can feel the rebound which tells that the far-away first link is securely fastened to an eternal reality. I would as soon doubt the fact commemorated by the Fourth of July as doubt the fact commemorated by the Lord's Day.

In the second place—

2. As an historical fact the resurrection of Christ is established by the testimony of competent witnesses.

Our source of information and authority is the New Testament. This book introduces us to the witnesses and furnishes us with a copy of their testimony. According to the New Testament there are two classes of witnesses, viz.: Christ's enemies and Christ's friends.

It is important to notice just here that there are some things which are admitted by both classes. They agree upon three things at least: first, that Jesus Christ was dead; second, that Jesus Christ was buried in the tomb of Joseph, which was closed with a great stone, sealed with the Roman seal, and guarded by a Roman guard; third, that on the morning of the third day the tomb was empty.

The enemies of Christ had every motive to account for the empty tomb in a way to dishonor Christ. The very same envy and hate which surrounded the cross surrounded the tomb. Nevertheless, we are bound candidly to listen to what these enemies say. How do they account for the empty tomb? They persuaded the Roman soldiers to say: "While we slept the disciples of Jesus came and stole his body away"!

Look at their story. It falls to pieces of

itself. It is confessedly the testimony of sleeping men. "While we slept his disciples came and stole his body." They saw nothing. They were asleep. As sleeping men they were virtually dead to everything transpiring. To admit that they slept was to admit that they knew nothing, and were therefore incompetent as witnesses. Their testimony was only a conjecture. Conjecture is not evidence. No court of law allows facts to be buried by theories and conjectures. Conjectures and theories are all that the enemies of Christ have ever produced up to date. This story, which falls to pieces of itself, is positively the best story that the enemies of Christ have ever gotten up as an explanation of the empty tomb.

It is said by the enemies of Christ that the witnesses of the resurrection deliberately bore false testimony, in order to deceive the world. This way of accounting for the empty tomb is no better than the soldiers' story, because there was no possible or conceivable motive to induce the disciples of Jesus to deceive the world. If Christ rose not they were deceived themselves, and it would have been human nature for them then to brand their cruel deceiver with infamy instead of glorifying him by the proclamation that he had risen. It is not human nature to treat deceivers as though they were saints. Mark what the disciples met with because they proclaimed the resurrection of Christ! They were persecuted by those who crucified Christ. They were scourged and stoned and exiled. Are these the things which tempt men to become impostors?

Besides all this, we must keep before us the results which the fact of Christ's resurrection worked in these witnesses. It lifted them out of their old selves and made them new men. They rose to higher faith and higher work. They gave the world its purest doctrine, and principles, and ideals. Their raised character is a proof of the raised Christ. The tree of falsehood has never grown such lives as the after lives of the witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

When this theory, the theory of deception, fails to smother the great fact, it is suggested that perhaps the witnesses of the resurrection were true in themselves, but labored under a delusion. Perhaps their intense desire to have Christ rise from the dead led them to imagine that they saw him. There is more modesty in this theory. But it does not fit the facts any more than the former theory. The resurrection had no place in the thoughts of the disciples prior to the time when it took place. They refused themselves to believe it when it was first announced. They had forgotten all that Christ had said about it. It is true that his wonderful life ought to have kept them from forgetting it, but it did not. His very miracles made his death all the more crushing. The disciples reasoned that if he could have prevented his death he would have done so, but his power gave out. True, he claimed that it was his arm that upheld the universe, but they saw that arm stark and stiff, and this neutralized his claim. To the disciples the death of Christ contradicted everything that went before. It left them panic-stricken and in grief.

To show us that the disciples were not looking for the resurrection of Jesus, and that they believed only when strong evidence was presented, we have such incidents as those recorded of Peter and John. When word was brought them that the tomb of Christ was empty, they did not say: "That is what we expected, for he is risen." No. They could not believe that the grave was untenanted, and they ran to the sepulcher to see for themselves. The trueness of this story shines out in every part. John is John and Peter is Peter. They act themselves, and the details of the story which seem unnecessary to the casual reader bring this out and stamp the story as genuine. According to this story John was the first to believe in the resurrection of Jesus. He was the disciple of love, and love sees farthest and quickest. How was he led to faith? He tells us himself.

He was led to faith by what he saw in the empty tomb. He saw the grave-clothes

folded and orderly arranged, the linen in one place and the napkin in another. This was what arrested his attention and occupied his thought, and led him to the conclusion that Christ had risen. He reasoned that here was the evidence of deliberation, leisure, calmness, and perfect freedom. There was no robbery, for the signs of robbery are confusion and disorder. Foes did not take the body away, for foes would not have taken such care, but here are the evidences of care. Friends did not, for the soldiers were here to keep off friends. Besides the body was already in the tomb of a friend, and could not be in a better place. Then what does all this mean? As he mused, the explanation came to him. He remembered the words of Christ about rising on the third day, and there and then, in the empty sepulcher, he believed. These are his own words: "Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw and believed."

Take a second story in this line, viz.: that of Mary. To her the empty tomb meant the body hurried away in dishonor. This was the cause of her grief. If she is ever to believe in a risen Christ, she must see him. Christ knows this, and so shows himself to her. He came to her and called her by name, and she knew him by his voice, for it rang with the old notes of love. This was the way this witness was convinced. It was different from the way any other witness was convinced. The witnesses of the resurrection were convinced according to their nature and disposition, and so the proof comes to us along all manner of lines. To Mary was granted the first appearance because of the intensity of her love. The first honor was placed upon the first grace. With this story of Mary before me I ask myself, what proof does the New Testament give us of the resurrection of Jesus Christ? Out of this story comes the answer: The proof which the New Testament gives us of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the living Jesus himself and the post-resurrection life of the living Jesus. We are told nothing, absolutely nothing, as to how he rose, but we are in-

roduced to him as risen. The New Testament hides out of our sight all the non-essentials. It sets before us the risen Christ. What more do we need?

Among the witnesses who testified that they had seen the risen Christ there were persons who had all manner of experiences with him, and all manner of opportunity for testing his identity. The proofs afforded them were infallible. They walked with him, looked into his face, handled him, examined the scars of crucifixion, ate with him, and talked with him. Who were granted these privileges? His mother, his comrades of childhood, the men who had been with him night and day for three years, his chosen apostles. These were the people who knew Christ best. These people could not be deceived. If it be possible to believe any company of people, it is possible to believe them. They bore their testimony in the very place where Christ died, and on the very day he rose. They proclaimed his resurrection to his enemies and three thousand of his crucifiers, men who had ample time to look into all the facts, in a single day came out and confessed their faith in Christ as risen. I have now reached my third point. It is this:

3. As an historical fact the resurrection of Christ rests upon an authentic record of evidence.

You say to me, "The testimony which you have presented is conclusive if true, but the question with us is, is it true? Can the genuineness and credibility of the New Testament narrative be proven?" This is a vital question. If the New Testament cannot be authenticated, then everything falls to the ground, but if it can be authenticated then everything stands.

Let me say in dealing with this question that the claims of no book have been more thoroughly sifted than the claims of this book. The sifting goes on and out of the sifting comes new confirmation.

We admit we do not have the autograph copy of the New Testament. The book as we now have it was collated in the course of long years. Part was found here, and

part was found there: one tract in one country, and another tract in another country. Fragment was found by this man, and fragment was found by that man. What a marvelous history! But does not this invalidate the book? Modern research answers the question in the negative, and shows us that God never let the book out of his hand.

During our lifetime two of the oldest and fullest manuscripts of the New Testament have been found in old convents. These manuscripts are known as the Vatican and Sinaitic. These were written as far back as A. D. 325. When we compare our collated New Testament with these copies, what does the comparison show? This, namely: There is not enough difference to change a single doctrine. That certainly is marvelous. But there are three hundred years between the writing of these manuscripts and the time of Christ. Can these three hundred years be bridged? Happily, yes. Fortunately these three hundred years abounded in Christian writers, and the works of many of these writers stand upon the shelves of our libraries to-day. I have handled them with my own hands. In these extant works there are multitudinous quotations from the New Testament, accompanied with comments and expositions. From these it is possible to collect the greater part of the New Testament. These quotations prove that the New Testament was written at the time it claims to have been written.

To specify by way of example: We have the writings of Clement, the friend and companion of Paul. If the writings of Paul were blotted out, we could get the Pauline doctrines from him. Clement died A. D. 102.

For example, we have the writings of Polycarp, the disciple of John. These early fathers, whose writings we have, connect us with the apostles, and the apostles take us right back to Jesus.

Now from all this we see that the authenticity of no book is more clearly established than the authenticity of the New Testament. It is an authenticated New

Testament that brings to us the infallible proofs, the indisputable evidence of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Having now an authenticated New Testament, I imagine you ask me what is the strongest part of this authenticated book? I answer it is all strong; but the strongest part is that which contains the biography and the writings of the apostle Paul. The straightest line to the empty tomb is through his history. If we had nothing but Paul's writings we would have all that is necessary to establish Christ's resurrection as an historic fact. Let me put the whole case in a nutshell.

Men say, "Give us authentic records which run directly back to the eye-witnesses of Christ! If his resurrection be an historic fact, give us historical documents recording that fact! This is what we require when we deal with other facts." This is not an unreasonable demand. It is answered, I claim, in the writings of Paul. It is only necessary to say here that the most thorough of unbelieving skeptics have subjected the writings of Paul to the most rigid sifting, and they have pronounced four of his epistles to be unquestionably authentic; his two letters to the church of Corinth, his letter to the church of Rome, and his letter to the church of Galatia. There is not a scholar of any note in all the world who thinks of disputing this verdict. Now what of these undisputed writings of Paul? This. They are the oldest writings of the New Testament. They were written before the Gospels. They go back to within twenty-five years of the resurrection of Christ. They were written by a man converted six years after the resurrection.

But what was the man doing during these prior six years? He was persecuting those who affirmed that Christ had risen. This persecution only makes his testimony for Christ all the more powerful, for he as it were was driven into faith by indisputable and infallible proofs. But let us keep to his writings, which, even the learned skeptics admit, are as authentic as Macaulay's "History of England," or Bancroft's "History of the United States." Let us see

what these writings set before us. They set before us the following things: Paul was at one time the chief disbeliever in the resurrection of Christ. He branded it as an out-and-out lie. He persecuted those who asserted it. Thus it was for years. But this order of affairs wholly changed one day. The living Christ called down to him from heaven and demanded a reason for his persecuting hate. This convinced Paul at once that Christ had risen. He saw his glory, he heard his voice, and he there and then devoted his life to the task of bearing testimony to what he saw and heard.

But this is not all: These writings show that Paul narrowly and searchingly investigated the history of the evidences of the resurrection of Christ. He interviewed John and Peter. He questioned James, the brother of our Lord. He saw the women who were with Jesus. He visited the church of Jerusalem, which had been gathered by the risen Christ. He interviewed half a thousand people who saw Jesus at one time. Even this is not all. Such were the proofs which he was able to gather that he went into heathen cities, and when he presented his proofs there, hundreds admitted their force and believed his gospel. Remember, these hundreds of converts were living when they could investigate every statement which Paul made, and could, like him, interview the living witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus. Such is this line of evidence—a line wholly independent of the four Gospels.

Behold then what a man must strike down in order to strike down that wonderful man, Paul, than whom no historic character has greater certitude. He must strike down his wonderful life. He must strike down the story of his conversion. He must strike down the Christian churches which he founded by preaching Christ's resurrection. He must strike down his four epistles, which the best scholarship outside of the Christian Church has pronounced authentic. What straighter historical line back to the empty tomb of Christ can reasonable men demand?—*Rev. David Gregg, D.D., in "Facts that Call for Faith."*

SOME SPRING BIRDS.

BY JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

I.

FEW persons who do not habitually make bird-life a study will turn to the humbler kinds of the deep woods, either to those which stay in the winter or those which merely pass in the northward journey, for hints of the spring's coming or the sure signs of its permanent presence. It is fortunate, therefore, for most of us whose outlook is the yard only and whose up-look is a few home trees with a snatch of azure between, that so many of the early migrants and best singers come about our houses when they first arrive, although some of them may seek the deep woods later. This habit is very noticeable in the bluebirds, blackbirds, meadow-larks, brown thrashers, some vireos, the two wrens ("house" and "Bewicks") and, of course, the robin and the phœbe, or common pewee.

With all this happy incidence, it is surprising to find so few persons who know even the commoner birds and their ways, and so many who manifest no interest whatever in their feathered visitors. Others see much of their neighbors but they regard a bird as a bird—rarely as a species, and scarcely at all as an individual.

Too many of us must have some projecting angularity far out of the usual on which to hang our languid interest, not realizing that even the most commonplace species has about it when studied, or even observed rationally, many striking traits not wholly expressed in wings and beak; and that every individual bird may have a personal character not hidden by its feathers. But our notes will have to be confined mostly to species purely and only a few of these.

It is scarcely possible to say which bird comes first in the spring even of those so commonly noted as spring-comers. My own notes have sometimes one first, sometimes the other, in various seasons. Likewise different regions differ in the same season.

From away north of me, last spring, on the edge of Lakes Michigan and Erie, correspondents sent in records of the arrival of the bluebirds and robins long before these birds reached my region in the Mississippi Valley.

A careful observation puts the average time of arrival of blackbirds, bluebirds, and robins at from February 15 to March 15. With me an individual or so of any one of these may spend the winter, so that a few of them seen in early spring do not indicate migration but merely activity. In the same latitude east the bluebird often stays also; and even further north, as in the south coasts of New Jersey, Dr. Abbott and others note that this bird is a winter resident.

Of all these the robin is perhaps the hardier, and could stay with us anywhere were it not that he is so fond of the things found in an unfrozen soil, though the persistent winter berries of the woods would feed him here. We shall not, therefore, try to take the spring birds that stop in their order of coming, strictly.

Before talking of these which come, let us stop to note a bird which belongs to all the classes of which we have spoken; for to us he is all things to all seasons and the main thing to each. To some rather northern states, as in some parts of Minnesota, the cardinal is a spring-comer; to those further south he is a winter visitor, in that every thicket is livelier and prettier for his more frequent appearance. He is one of the "birds that stay" to all those states more southward still. For these reasons he is the bird of birds in the wide extent of his range, and the *spring* bird without a rival—not simply because this season hears his rich reviving song, but that, no matter what the time of year, he runs through each vernal day—as a bead upon his rosary—a thread of summer melody. His seasons, like Thoreau's hours, are not fretted by the

calendar or minced by months or inclined with the declination of the sun. After he has fed all the families for which he is responsible during the hot months, and has grown his new suit, compact against the blast of the cold, and glossed for the gentler things of the softer season, every pretty day is his to rejoice and hope in; and with cheering melody and crimson flashes he builds fragmentary springs of hue and harmony within the jaws of winter at every yawn in its icy sleep. Perhaps not all my readers are so fortunate as to have the cardinal at all seasons; or at any, for that matter, since the cruel habit of trapping for pets is now so extensive. Here in Missouri we have not only our own birds all the year round but many that come from Iowa and Minnesota, perhaps, during the severe winters. It may be these which break so easily into song at every glint of the sun, which hints of a return home.

All the late winter and early recent spring a pair made my yard and my neighbor's near-by orchard their trysting-place. I feel sure, without knowing, that they "had met before." It is quite probable even that they were mates of a former season. Still they went anew, as is so frequently the case with birds, through all the delightful and delicate attentions of a fresh courtship. Birds are apt to have a wedding ceremony at each anniversary, as we human folk do at certain years of round or half-round numbers, which have such a rich suggestiveness of a free renewal of the worn-out wares in the china closet.

I had never before heard the female sing replies to her lover, though I had heard of the habit with some skepticism; but often when the male began his full rich whistle, she broke in, always at the proper place, and kept perfect time on to the end. I could not tell, however, if she had that little undertoned "churr-r-r-h" so frequently heard from her lover. At other times she began the song herself, usually when he was away, whereupon he flew to her hurriedly and excitedly. He, however, never broke in upon her song, but seemed to be a bit surprised at her masculine manners. At

other times they called and answered each other, remaining apart some minutes, as if each were testing the other's love or patience, till sometimes one, sometimes the other could endure no longer the strain of separation and affectionate pleading, and answered with an abrupt and anxious presence.

In their different yet confiding positions in my neighbor's dooryard they hatched out three different broods in rapid succession; and later they brought portions of their year's output into my yard to feed. Largely, this duty seemed to devolve upon the father. I never saw him with more than one youngster at a time, and this was usually a male. The few times when I saw the mother she had a single one of the girls of the brood with her. This was quite likely merely accidental—though it may be that they thus divide these matters as other folks do.

Late last September I found the father still feeding a lubberly copy of himself—one of the most persistent of chattering beggars. It was hard work to find enough to stop—even occasionally—the rattling jaws. One day a little female pine-warbler, on her way South, stopped upon an elm-bough which almost swept my study window and peeked at me a long while. After she left she returned in an hour, and after another interval among the outer branches she came again. Next morning I was honored with a nearer visit and began to flatter myself that I was interesting; but closer inspection seemed to satisfy and she left for good. But after noon I was aware of a distressing chit-ting near me and I saw the male cardinal—his boy following—coming up the limb toward me. He gazed at me, and my study of him, so strongly returned, disconcerted him and he flew away. Later I heard him "chit" somewhere—again hard-pressed still by his son for an afternoon lunch—and a moment later he was inching up the limb with the ague-afflicted stripling mincing after, scarcely able to walk in his rigor. The parent hesitated a moment, gave me a searching look, crept softly a little further, tiptoed away out as he stretched his neck and turned one eye upward, and from under

a leaf almost against the glass he plucked a smooth, green slug nearly half the length and size of one's finger. Then I knew why I had been so interesting.

At the sight of so much food the youth went almost into hysterics, and looked as if he would clap his quivering wings together could they have met around his already swollen crop. He must have it before the father had finished killing and chewing it; but no sooner had he got it than he seemed to realize that it was too large and fearful for him, and he stood holding it out as far as possible from his shins, with a sort of grunt for help; reminding one of a child showing its chewing gum. Again the parent took it, fairly pulped it this time, gathered it into a ball, and thrust it so far down the squealing throat that swallowing was not an effort but a necessity.

About those days when the prophecies of the cardinal are very frequent we are apt to hear the robin scolding as if he were testing the season's temper with a taunt. "Sleet! sleet! sleet!" he seems to sneer at its pretenses of softening up; and your first view of him is apt to be as he pitches headlong from some tree-top in the gauziest pretense of fear and complaint, or as he sits on a post lower down, and stamps and scolds and flirts his saucy tail in the most hypocritical manner. While he usually waits till the frost is well out of the ground, when he comes to stay, though his manner be so tentative. Capable of enduring cold, he can well brave out what March and April can bring, and he meets their bluster with a kindred braggadocio.

At first he is not much concerned about his music. He has sense enough to see that his heart's inspiration is not here yet; and being a business bird, he wastes neither time nor capital. So he puts in his days looking out a larder and leaves the selection of a home to his paler-bosomed charmer, who, he has learned to know, has a will of her own in these matters. But when he has toned his system with the fat from the soft spots in the meadow, he mounts some topmost twig, yet leafless in the bleak breeze, and "too-weelerips" in wild aban-

donment that nervous song of his, as though he had been taking lessons a little bit but had not practiced much. In his amateurish strains there is not only gleeful enjoyment of all that earth has now, but there are tones which tell of better things to come; they are preludes to the songs of the cat-bird, the brown thrasher, the mocker, the wood thrush, and the hermit. Then he is an all-round weather bird—a thing in many spring days to be thankful for. If it is going to rain, is raining, or has rained, he carols forth hopes of brighter skies and softer winds—of home and housekeeping and hints of the earthworm's response to the tepid shower's patter and the berries budding in the tangle. If he swears a little about the weather we forgive him because he does not wail or whine and swears interestingly. He is a little gluttonous, I must admit, later when the fruits come, though his gulping habits make him a large sower of seeds, and he deserves to reap. But it is his social neighborly ways in his later days which make him charming. If he is a little rough and plebeian in some of his manners, his confiding moods—for he is a bird of moods—are irresistible; and to know him well you have only to turn your head at the proper time. He is a bird that thrives with civilization despite his rude customs. After a little good living upon the meadows has cured him of his neurasthenia and he has found that no one cares for his bluster, he comes about his human neighbor to build his house and raise his children amid civilizing influences. His ideas of architecture are in keeping with the rest of his character. His whole demeanor is that of the pioneer, sturdy and hopeful, and in harmony with his habits, he wears a few more wrinkles in his boot-tops than the other thrushes and has the half military bearing of a scout.

In the spreading fork of an old apple tree or the low crotch of an elm; on the projecting corner of the old worm fence, or high in the scraggy tangles of the oak, he may place his picturesque nest. He has an eye for the compatible if not for the beautiful, and the bunch blends well with its surroundings

without any attempt of either art or concealment. He has anchored it with strings, studded it with sticks and stiff stems, slimed it inside with mud, and then lined it with dead grasses. It is the crudest of buildings, with the straw carpet and dirt floor of the long ago, and it hints an ancestry reared in log cabins with mud chinks, and keeps a loving remembrance of the old house at home after which his is modeled. He is a bird of traditions.

Few feathered things are better gifted to express distress than this one. It is the genius of all the thrushes, but the robin is histrionic as well as vocal. The young also will suddenly assume the greatest simulation of fright, and leave the nest to-day half-fledged and screaming when you peep socially in; and yet only yesterday they opened their mouths to you in the most gaping confidence. The robin impresses you as a great success—a bird of opportunities because he times himself well. His first brood is out with the acid of the June cherry and the nectar of the ripening raspberry; and unlike those of the redbird, jays, etc., the young of the robin takes good care of himself almost at once. By mid-June, the father is again in song, recharming the pretty bride of spring, and later his tipsy triplets are heard only after the clearing of a warm shower, as though he sang because it reminded him of spring. The worst I have against him is that he does not always give the second children a new nest. Later he goes to the woods, where various berries struggle to ripen before the frost, and then in loose straggling flocks he drifts rather than journeys southward.

While it is yet cold and cheerless Bewick's wren—sometimes called "long-tailed house wren"—drifts in upon us as a feather on the wind, and alights so suddenly that his tail seems as if it would go on over his back and so finish the migratory impulse. Then he bursts into the most gleeful and musical threnody to the March wind, which is worrying him so now, but must soon cease. Few birds are more beautifully or variedly musical. He comes a long time before his wife, but seems to make himself believe

that she may arrive any moment. Unlike robin, he begins at once a tireless home hunt and explores all the crevices of the place—scolding in a peculiar "churr" at all human interruption.

No bird delights more to follow and tantalize a cat. After building under some eave or on some porch plate, no bird is more confiding. Like the house-wren, whatever the male does he pronounces it good in a rollicking burst of song, but unlike this blustering cousin, his song is musical. Coming to our ears far over the spring gale it is one of the most cheerful and piercing sounds of the season, and like that of the robin is not confined by any means to sunshine only.

The thing I have against him, which I do not harbor long, is that he has pulled me up from my desk oftener than any other bird, by means of the great variety of his music. When I hear him in full he is easily recognized, but the varying part of his song is the loudest, and from afar off will come this musical fragment, new in its isolation and very inspiring to any bird student. Often I grab my glass, rush out, and the fuller sound which the outer air permits shows me that I have again hoped for a song-sparrow and found only this little familiar.

His song varies with the early or lateness of the season also, and the kind of day it may chance to be at present. Very early in the morning, if it be a little cool there will be a brief, "sweet-see-wee, chee, chee, chee!" If it warms a little later, "su-wee-ee, see-wee-zer, che-che-che!" or, "su-wee-e, su-wee-zer-h-h, che-dick!" Sometimes a jarring trill is placed in the downward, sometimes in the upward "su-wee" of the song. As the season advances he may put the "chee, chees" front and warble in many other quirks and phrases, some of which resemble those of other birds. I think he himself never just knows his song or where he may terminate it when he begins; but it is always a rather well-rounded effort, repeated often, and rarely changed till a new position is secured. He almost invariably sings immediately after alighting, unless he is investigating some nesting-place or scolding some intruder.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

EVERY man in the United Kingdom who has lived for twelve months in a house which is rated to the relief of the poor is entitled to vote at a parliamentary election. Until 1885 the franchise was far less wide; and outside the boroughs a man could not vote unless he was a freeholder, a leaseholder, or the occupant of land of a certain rental value. Even this franchise, which lasted until 1885, was much wider than the county franchise as it existed until 1832; for prior to that time a man could not vote at a county election unless he was a forty shilling freeholder—that is, unless he was the owner of land or the owner of a rent charge which brought him in forty shillings a year clear of all encumbrances. In those days too many large towns had no representatives in the House of Commons, while scores of small, decayed boroughs, some with no residents at all, returned two members.

In these old towns the franchise was by no means general. In a few of them every inhabitant had a vote under what had come to be known as the potwalloper franchise—a franchise under which a vote was conferred upon every man who provided his own food. This franchise dated back to the very early days of the House of Commons, the days when there were still serfs in England; and a potwalloper was free, a man owning no lord, and who, to show his freedom and independence and that he provided for himself, boiled his pot in the sight of his neighbors. Before the Reformation this boiling of the pot often took place in the church kitchens. Later on it was done in the street before a man's door; and in many of these old English boroughs, even until the early years of this century, when a voter moved from one house to another he boiled his pot in the street to give notice that he claimed the right to vote. When the reform of 1832 took place, all the pot-

walloper voters had their electoral rights continued to them, irrespective of the fact that they did not occupy houses of sufficient value to give them the vote under the new Franchise Act; and until three or four years ago these potwalloper voters, so described, continued to appear on the electoral rolls of the old towns.

These potwalloper towns, however, were not numerous. In most of the old boroughs, those sending members to the House of Commons prior to 1832, the right to vote was restricted to freemen or to burgage holders, or in many cases to the ten or twenty men forming the self-elected municipal councils. These old franchises, both in the counties and in the boroughs, had each most interesting histories. They were picturesque and quaint in outward aspects, but for nearly two hundred years they had been anything but representative, and their existence enabled the crown to have, almost continually, a very complete control of the House of Commons.

It took three reforms to bring about the franchise I have described in the opening lines of this article—that under which practically every man can have a vote. The first was in 1832, when nearly half the old boroughs were either swept away or cut down to one member, and when leaseholders and large occupiers were added to the forty shilling freeholders in the counties. The second was in 1867, when the franchise in the towns was extended to the working classes. Between 1832 and 1867 it had been restricted to those who lived in houses of a rental value of at least ten pounds a year, a restriction which practically confined the franchise to middle class people. The third reform was made in 1884-85, when the working classes in rural England were enfranchised; when the counties were cut up into electoral divisions, and when, except in the case of a few cities,

such as Newcastle, Leicester, and Derby, single member constituencies were made general all over the country. The movement for the reform thus completed in 1884-85 had been going on since the days of Queen Elizabeth. When it culminated the House of Commons was once more on a democratic electoral basis. It was again on the basis on which it was established in the thirteenth century; for then every man who did watch and ward had a vote, and, moreover, he was liable to be elected to the House of Commons, and compelled to serve there whether he liked it or not.

The existing House of Commons, however, differs in two important particulars from the House of Commons of the far-away days when every man voted and every man was liable to parliamentary service, as he was to municipal and military service. In those days a member of the House of Commons had to be a resident of the constituency he represented, and he was paid for his services in Parliament. He was allowed the expenses of his journeys to and from the House and a *per diem* allowance for the whole of the time he was away from home. Nowadays a member of Parliament need not live in his constituency, and he receives no payment for his services. He has not even the privilege of franking a letter. The disregard of the old enactments that a member must reside in his constituency began as far back as the fifteenth century. It began, in fact, as soon as seats in Parliament became in demand; and as soon as this demand became general wages ceased to be paid. When men became desirous of being of the House of Commons, they sought out boroughs willing to elect them, and to ingratiate themselves they offered to serve without any cost to the constituencies. As the constituencies had to tax themselves to pay members who were residents, they listened willingly to the overtures of these non-residents, with the result that by the end of the sixteenth century no heed was paid to the law as to residence, and instead of members receiving wages, they were bribing constituencies to elect them by building bridges, town-

halls, and market-places, and repairing churches and quays, and dredging rivers and harbors.

Bribery began in England in this way. First constituencies were bribed in bulk in the manner I have described; then individual bribery began. At first individual bribery took the form of treating, free eating and drinking; but it was on a money basis early in the seventeenth century, and remained on that basis until the drastic bribery law of 1883. It was not until the middle years of George III.'s reign that non-residence was made legal.

Even yet no law has been passed abolishing wages; but no *bona fide* claim for wages has been made against a constituency since the Restoration Parliament. The breakdown of the laws as to residence and wages was entirely due to the electors themselves. The changes were made gradually and silently; but these are the most important changes ever made in the House of Commons, and between them they account for the fact that to-day England is not a democracy in the sense that the United States is a democracy. The results accruing from these changes form the first of the two great barriers between England and democracy. People are sometimes apt to think that the House of Lords is the only barrier; but the fact that members of Parliament are not paid and that they have to pay every penny of the expenses connected with the elections, is in itself a barrier almost as important as that of the House of Lords. Every man in England can vote; but only men of leisure and means can meet the expenses of elections and afford to serve at Westminster for seven months out of twelve without receiving a single penny for their services.

A man cannot hope to go into the House of Commons unless he is in a fairly independent position. I am not overlooking the fact that the majority of the Irish Nationalist members, since Parnell began his great movement, have been needy men; nor am I overlooking the fact that since 1868 the House of Commons has never been without several representatives of

labor. As regards the labor representatives, they have usually been trade union officials. Their unions paid their election expenses, and continued their salaries while they were of the House of Commons. As regards the Irish members, many of them are supported from Nationalist funds, while others have worked as journalists, or followed some other calling which did not demand all their time and permitted them to live in London during the parliamentary session. The disappearance of wages is entirely responsible for the barrier I have described. The disappearance of the residential qualification has also had a most important effect on the House of Commons and on English political life generally. It has made it possible for a young man of wealth to devote himself to politics as a career; for a man who makes any mark in politics knows that if he is defeated in one constituency he can soon try another. Had the old law been continued, and strictly enforced, England could never, to speak only of recent times, have had a Gladstone or a Bright; and had it been the law to-day both Harcourt and Morley would have been out of the House of Commons; for both were defeated in their old constituencies in 1895, and compelled to offer themselves for election elsewhere, if they were not to disappear from parliamentary life.

To an English student of American institutions the facts that members of the House of Representatives must be residents of their constituencies, and that they are paid, constitute the great difference between the make-up of the popular chambers of England and of the United States. I am aware of course that the constitution provides only that a member of the House of Representatives shall be of the state in which the electoral district he represents is situated. But tradition and party usage have modified this provision, until now it is as narrow as was the old English law. It is more rigid. What I mean is that in the case of the old House of Commons constituents themselves had to pay the members' wages, and they were therefore easily induced to ignore the law. In the United States the salaries of

the representatives come out of national funds, and consequently each electoral district is careful that so well paid an office shall not go outside its borders. As long as this feeling lasts and is operative in the choice of representatives, there cannot, it seems to me, be as many nationally prominent men in the House of Representatives as there always are in the House of Commons. If one could imagine the old law reenacted in England, two thirds of the men who now sit on the treasury and front opposition benches at Westminster would disappear.

This difference in the relations of members to constituencies also accounts for some of the differences in party organization and campaign methods in the two countries. Party organization in England is not nearly so complete nor so rigid as in this country. It has been greatly developed since the Reform Act of 1867; but as yet England has no organization which exactly corresponds to the National Committee of the American parties, and nothing so generally representative as the national conventions held in presidential election years. Each party in England has its central organization; but the ramifications of these organizations do not begin to be as widespread and inclusive as those of the national and state committees.

For one reason, there are no local offices in England whose holders form a nucleus of local party workers. In each community there are men who hold offices under the imperial government, such as postmasters, collectors of inland revenue, assessors of taxes, and receivers in bankruptcy. But none of these men are active in local politics. They are never to be seen at a caucus or a convention, because it is a matter of no concern to them whether a Conservative or a Liberal government is in power. They all hold office during good behavior, which means for life; and while civil servants can vote at all elections, the modern usage of the civil service is that its members shall not be actively prominent in politics. In the same way the tenures of municipal servants are secure, and not in

any way affected by the various political changes.

It was not always so, as regards either the civil service or the municipal service. In the days of the restricted county franchise, and of the old boroughs which I have described, civil and municipal servants were almost universally active political partizans and zealous workers at the elections. But the parliamentary reform of 1832 was followed by a reform of the municipal service, and later on by a reform of the civil service, and since these reforms civil and municipal servants have ceased to be active partizans. The result of all these changes is that local political workers have to go into a cause for the love of it, or because they like the stir of political activity. They may do all that they can to elect a member of Parliament; but he can do nothing for them in direct return, certainly nothing in the way of appointing them to a paid municipal or civil office. A member of the House of Commons can and often does get the names of some of his local supporters placed on the Commission of the Peace. But a magisterial office of this kind carries with it no pay, and it is almost the only one into which a member of Parliament can help a constituent. In the ordinary sense of the term, a member of the House of Commons has never any patronage to bestow.

The central organizations of the political parties have a large share in the general election. They help to place candidates in the numerous constituencies in which local candidates are not forthcoming; they make contributions toward the expenses of some of the candidates. They distribute immense quantities of election literature, and they also assign speakers and organizers to help in local campaigns. Six hundred and seventy members have to be chosen at each general election, but often nearly one fourth of these members are elected without contests; and when their own elections are thus secure, they tender their services as speakers in constituencies in which there are keen and close contests. In this way, the electors become familiar with many of

the members of the House of Commons besides those who represent their own constituencies, and this familiarity with the prominent men of the House is further increased by the practice, which prevails during the parliamentary recess, of calling upon the parliamentary leaders to make speeches in other constituencies than their own, where, as a matter of course, they are expected to address the electors at least once a year.

A general election in England differs from a congressional election in that there are always many candidates whose fortunes are matters of national interest. These are the prominent men on both sides of the House—the men who are already of the ministry, or who have been in former ministries and are at the time of the election the leaders of the opposition. These are the men who in their formal electoral addresses, and in their speeches, put forward the principles and the policies for which their parties stand. At each election each party puts forward a program; but every member is not tied to these programs as candidates in this country are tied to the national platforms; and the addresses and speeches of the foremost members of a party are of much more importance than its national program, for the reason that there exists in neither of the two great parties a central and thoroughly inclusive organization whose program is nationally accepted.

No man can be ruled out of either the Liberal or the Conservative party because he will not give his adhesion to the program of its central organization. Room is allowed for individuality within the English parties. The only practical test is that of obedience to the party whips at Westminster, and even if a man does not always vote as the whips of his party direct, it is not very practicable to rule him out. If he proves recalcitrant to his election pledges, the only and the final court is his constituency. So long as a member can carry his constituency with him the whips can do him little harm.

The House of Commons has much larger powers than the House of Lords. England has no written constitution; no Supreme

Court to pass on parliamentary enactments. Parliament is supreme. In the matter of taxation and in the voting of public money, the House of Commons is practically supreme. All bills voting money must originate there. The House of Lords can reject a money bill; but it cannot alter a single item, and the inconvenience and responsibility of rejecting a money bill are so great that in practice the House of Lords never interferes. This is not so at Washington, for although bills for taxation must originate in the lower house, it is within the power of the Senate to alter a bill almost out of recognition. The tariffs of 1894 and 1897 only need be cited as instances of actions of this kind on the part of the Senate. The House of Commons from its earliest days has been tenacious of its powers in respect to taxation. There is no written law giving the House this absolute power; but it is as safely in its possession as though it were bestowed in a written constitution.

English administrations are also made and unmade solely by the House of Commons. A political party may have an overwhelming majority in the House of Lords, as the Conservative party has had for a generation past; but unless it commands a majority in the House of Commons, and can retain it, it cannot obtain and keep possession of the administration. The life of an administration depends on its control of the popular chamber, and in consequence

the foremost members of a political party, those the country knows best and most trusts, are to be found on the treasury and front opposition benches in the House of Commons. The premier is not always there. He is in the House of Lords at the present time. But when the premier is of the Lords, the leader in the Commons is usually a man of nearly as much political weight and importance as the premier; for on his management of the House the fate and the success of the administration very largely depend. Moreover the political heads of nearly all the great departments of state have to be in the House of Commons in order to see to the interests of their departments there.

In the House of Commons the speaker is a non-partizan. He is the first commoner, but he has no share in the activities of either party, and when a general election comes round, even his constituents do not look upon him as a partizan, and the unbroken rule of modern times is for the speaker's constituency to elect him as its member without opposition. The position held by the speaker at Washington, where he is the leader of the majority in the House, has never had any counterpart at Westminster. It is a position nevertheless not unknown to British parliamentary usage, for in the Parliament of Ireland, which survived until 1801, the speaker held a position very similar to that held by the speaker at Washington.

(End of Required Reading for April.)

CALUMET, A UNIQUE MUNICIPALITY.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

A SHARP tongue of land which projects into the center of Lake Superior from the north coast of Michigan contains a curious settlement, which is neither a town nor a city nor a village, and is perhaps the richest community of its size in the world. Upon a township one mile square, owned by the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, is a cluster of the finest mining buildings in the world, surrounded by nearly two thousand houses, that front twenty miles of streets and eleven miles of macadam roadway. It is not incorporated. It has no organized form of government. It is simply the "location" of the mine surrounded by the residences of the managers and miners, but it is a perfect example of a town, complete, with all public institutions and conveniences, well-kept and orderly, without a saloon or a disorderly house of any kind, without a policeman, constable, or court, or any municipal organization.

The only elective officer in Calumet is a township supervisor, who receives the compensation of three dollars a day when employed. The taxes are all paid by the mining company, for the property all belongs to them. Thus there are no public buildings. There is no need of a city hall, or a court-house, or a jail, but there is an excellent public library of twenty thousand volumes, which was presented to the company by its president, Prof. Alexander Agassiz. The building alone cost sixty thousand dollars. There are also six graded public schools, supported entirely by the company, although, under the laws of Michigan, they are controlled by the ordinary township trustees. There are twenty churches in Calumet and the villages that surround it, which have been erected with the money furnished by the company in full or in part, and it owns the ground upon which they stand. When a new church is about to be constructed those who

are interested call upon the manager of the mine and report to him the amount of money they have raised and the amount they need. He is apt to tell them to call again when they have obtained the full amount, and has usually added to the fund a dollar from the company for every dollar that is subscribed by its employees.

The company, however, never interferes with the management of the churches or the religion of the people. Most of them are foreigners from Finland, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and Norway. There are many Cornishmen also, and while they were underground miners before they came to this country, they apparently prefer surface work at Calumet. Most of the deep-shaft work is done by the Fins. It is said that there are more of their race at Calumet than any other place in the United States.

The company maintains a fine manual training school for the education of the children of its employees in the useful trades. When they reach a certain grade in the public schools they are advised to go into the industrial institution, although the transfer is not compulsory. The science of mining and the care of machinery used in mining operations are the principal branches of instruction. But the interests of the company are so comprehensive that they employ many men in all the trades, and it is their desire to educate the sons of their operatives to succeed them.

Calumet is located about seven miles from the lake on one side, and about twice that distance on the other, and is connected with a harbor on Portage Lake, at Houghton, by a canal 12,300 feet long and sixteen feet deep, which will admit the vessels that bring the coal and other supplies and carry away the copper. There is also a railroad eleven miles long connecting Calumet with Houghton and Hancock, "the twin cities of the Gitchie-Gumme," located upon oppo-

site sides of Portage Lake, which separates Keweenaw Point from the mainland. The company owns 2,599 acres of mineral land and 20,352 acres of timber land, in addition to the 988 acres which are covered by the mills, shops, and residences. There are altogether nearly two thousand houses in Calumet. About half of them are owned by employees and built upon land leased from the company. The population of the town proper is about 5,000, but it has two suburbs, Red Jacket to the east and Laurium to the west, which are incorporated villages, with the same system of government that is found in other towns in Michigan. They add about 6,000 people to the population, most of whom are employed by the company. It is estimated that the Calumet and Hecla and the neighboring mines support not less than 40,000 people.

Within the limits of Calumet the managers of the mining company control everything, and allow no business that is not conducted by themselves. In Red Jacket and Laurium, however, which are easily reached by trolley-cars, there are plenty of thriving stores and a superabundance of saloons. In Calumet one can see only a series of streets lined with beautiful homes, which surround the magnificent buildings necessary for the business of the mines. The company has always made it a rule to erect their power-houses, machine-shops, store-houses, office buildings, and other structures in the most expensive and artistic style, and they are equipped with everything that money can buy in the way of improved machinery and conveniences. Engineers and architects come there from all parts of the world to inspect them. The latest mill erected is of steel and brick throughout. The pump that furnishes water is the largest in the world, with a daily capacity of sixty million gallons of water brought from Lake Superior, seven miles distant. The fire department is a model; the telephone exchange and the electric-lighting plant are kept up to date by the constant addition of improvements and novel contrivances. The company owns and maintains a hotel for the accom-

modation of visitors. When a gate gets off its hinges or a picket of a fence is broken it is reported at headquarters and immediately repaired at the expense of the company. Shade-trees, flowering plants, and even fruits are furnished for the adornment of the streets; the company paints the houses, stops the leaks in the roofs, and keeps the plumbing in repair. It maintains a hospital for the benefit of its employees, and a staff of physicians who attend them without charge when they are ill. Another interesting feature is a sick benefit fund for which every employee of the company is assessed fifty cents a month. For every dollar so raised the company adds another dollar, and the money is invested in the stock of the company. When he is sick or disabled he receives an allowance from this fund, and in case of death an endowment is paid to his family. A faithful employee is never discharged. He continues to receive his wages until he dies, even when he is too old to work. The aged and infirm are furnished light employment, and are paid accordingly, and when they become incapable of doing anything they receive pensions.

The streets of Calumet are wide, well shaded, and well kept. The houses are modern in architecture, are filled with every possible convenience, and attached to each is a small vegetable garden. Many of the homes occupied by the managers and superintendents of the company are architecturally pretentious. But they receive no more care or attention than those of the laborers. In assigning houses preference is always given to the older employees of the company, and those who occupy the more important positions, and when one becomes vacant it is applied for by people who think they are entitled to the preference.

The Calumet and Hecla copper mine lies underneath the town, and is itself a rectangular city, with eight parallel main avenues, each with its railroad, nearly a mile long, and intersected by about thirty streets of similar length. It has no counterpart in the history of the mining industry. There are 4,000 people on the pay-roll, \$1,000,000

is paid in dividends to the share-holders every ninety days, and the profits for 1898 averaged \$20,000 for every working day in the year. The dividends already paid by the Calumet and Hecla mine reach the enormous sum of \$54,850,000. The Quincy mine, which is next in importance, has paid \$10,120,000 in dividends, and the Tamarack, which is near by, has paid \$5,430,000. Last year the income of the Calumet and Hecla Company was \$6,914,696. It produced 46,237 tons of refined copper and 41,960 tons of what is known as "mineral," copper ore containing a mixture of other metals.

The Indians regarded Lake Superior with veneration as the home of Michabou, the god of waters, to whom they addressed their prayers, and the great boulders of copper which lay upon the surface of Keweenaw Point were objects of superstitious adoration and fear, as gifts from the gods. The early Jesuit missionaries and French *voyageurs* found pieces of pure copper weighing from ten to fifty pounds in the hands of nearly every Chippewa family, which were deemed precious and had been handed down from generation to generation, and used as altars for sacrifice. Smaller pieces of copper were transformed into implements or were bartered with Indians of the neighboring tribes. In this way the copper of Lake Superior became scattered all over the Northern States.

The Keweenaw Peninsula has been the scene of rude mining for ages. Evidences of excavation are frequently found, empty veins are marked by heaps of rubble and earth, remains of rude contrivances for removing the metal from the earth, copper utensils, knives and chisels, wooden bowls for bailing water from the shafts, numerous levers of wood which were evidently intended for prying out metal from the fissures, and ancient stone hammers, some of immense size and weight, made of green stone or porphyry, with single and double grooves to hold the wythes by which the handles were attached. Copper arrow-heads and scalping knives have been dug up in large quantities, and during the early

years were frequently found upon the surface of the soil. In one place a spring is walled up with prehistoric stone hammers, and ten cart-loads of hammers were collected in 1850 on the spot where the town of Calumet now stands.

The first Englishman who visited the copper belt of Michigan was Alexander Henry, who remained there for several years after his arrival in 1765. In his correspondence he reports the discovery of masses of virgin copper weighing several tons, lying detached upon the surface. He describes one mass of ten tons or more which he thinks must have rolled down from a lofty hill which arises behind it, and he says that it was so pure and malleable that he detached a portion weighing over a hundred pounds by a method that was used by the Indians. He lighted a fire around the exposed mass of the metal, and cut off as much as he liked with a chisel. He went back to England in 1770, and founded the first company ever organized for copper mining in America. The Duke of Gloucester was president, and a dozen other men of importance were directors. With two companions named Baxter and Boswick, Henry returned to the mines, but the party evidently never got farther west than Quebec, where their effects were seized and sold for debt, and they disappeared. In 1769 Jonathan Carver made an exploration of the country, and his descriptions corroborate those of Henry, which were unknown to him.

While he was in Paris Dr. Franklin had access to the journals and the reports of the early French explorers, and, acting upon the information thus obtained, in making the treaty of peace he drew the boundary line between the British possessions and the United States along the center of Lake Superior, so as to include the Keweenaw Peninsula, whose value was unknown to the British commissioners. He mentioned this fact in a letter to a friend, and talked of it when he returned to this country, and agitated the plan of sending an expedition to explore and report.

In 1820 General Cass made a reconnois-

sance of the country, accompanied by Schoolcraft, the writer on Indians, who speaks of the masses of copper described by Henry. General Cass forwarded a large boulder of pure copper to the secretary of war, and it lay for many years on the lawn in front of the War Department. It is now on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution, and weighs 2,300 pounds. But nothing was done until 1841, when Dr. Douglass Houghton, state geologist of Michigan, made a survey. His report aroused public interest to such a pitch that miners thronged to the country as they went to California a few years later, and to the Klondike in 1896.

Practical mining began in 1844, and the first comers had the benefit of the masses of pure native copper that lay upon the surface. One block weighing four hundred pounds was sent to England, where the geologists pronounced it a Yankee fraud, because it contradicted all geological and mineralogical theories. The copper fever reached its height in 1846, and then suddenly subsided because of the collapse of wildcat companies, by which many people were ruined. The public distrust, however, did not prevent several companies from taking up claims and making an immense amount of money. The first ship that went down the lakes carried two hundred tons of pure copper in boulders weighing from two to six tons, which were taken from the surface of the ground.

The Calumet and Hecla Company, organized by a Professor Agassiz, was one of the first and the most prosperous, having located its claims upon Keweenaw Point, over a vein that was one of the wonders of the world. On sinking a shaft solid metallic copper was found to occupy the whole width of a large chasm. To get it out holes were bored in the metal, and heavy blasts were fired, which split the mass and enabled the miners to cut it up into chunks of portable size by means of steel chisels. The copper was ninety per cent pure, and contained some silver. There is now a nugget of silver weighing six pounds in the cabinet at the mint at Philadelphia, that was found there. An-

other nugget was sold for \$1,040. The first dividend of one mine was ten times its capital stock. No gold or silver bonanza was ever so rich.

The copper rocks on Keweenaw Point are called amygdaloidal trap, of igneous formation, but where the copper came from is still a matter of controversy among geologists, like the iron ore which covers the surface of the ground on the shore of Lake Superior a little farther west. The rock varies from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, and reaches to an unknown depth into the earth, being intersected with veins of metal already pure enough to be stamped into pennies, which appears to have run into the fissures in a molten state, and to have filled every crack and crevice before cooling. In addition to the pure copper, immense quantities of red oxide or yellow copper ore are found, which must be reduced by an expensive process. The prevailing opinion among mineralogists is that the copper was thrown up by volcanic agencies from the center of the earth. While in solution it filled the fissures like the roots of a tree or the tendrils of a vine, and the large masses upon the surface are the surplus which could find no place of concealment in the earth.

The year 1898 was the most prosperous ever known in the copper districts of Lake Superior, both to the owners and the employees of the mines. The output has never been so great, the price has not been so high for years, wages are larger than ever before. The number of men employed at Calumet and in that vicinity increased from 8,500 in October, 1897, to more than 10,000 in October, 1898. The product of the Calumet and Hecla in 1895 was 79,000,000 pounds. In 1898 it was over 90,000,000 pounds. In 1895 the shares of the Calumet and Hecla Company were \$300 each. In 1898 \$650 was refused for them.

Other companies having mines in the same locality have enjoyed like prosperity. The shares of the Boston and Montana Company, for example, have advanced from \$26 to \$288 in the last four years.

The following statement will show the par value and the market price of the stock of some of the companies:

	Par value.	Market value.
Calumet and Hecla.....	\$100,000	\$62,500,000
Quincy.....	100,000	14,100,000
Tamarack.....	50,000	10,440,000
Arcadian.....	100,000	6,100,000
Ile Royale Cons.....	100,000	3,250,000
Centennial.....	100,000	3,025,000
Baltic.....	100,000	2,850,000
Mohawk.....	100,000	2,000,000
Wolverine.....	50,000	1,980,000
Franklin.....	50,000	1,600,000
Winona.....	100,000	1,500,000
Old Colony.....	100,000	1,400,000
Massachusetts Cons.....	100,000	1,325,000
Atlantic.....	40,000	1,200,000
Union.....	100,000	1,150,000
Michigan.....	100,000	1,000,000

The market price of the stock of the twenty-five principal companies working in

the Lake Superior copper belt has more than doubled within the last eighteen months. There has never been such a boom in copper, and several men have made enormous fortunes by speculating on the Boston Stock Exchange, which is the center of the copper interest.

The boom in copper is largely due to the increased demand for that metal caused by the use of electricity, and the United States furnishes the greater part of the world's supply. The total output of this country in 1898 was about 240,000 tons, while the remainder of the world produced 195,000.

CARRIERS IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

BY ERNST PLATZ.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

IN a gay company of pleasant acquaintances I went up Guarda Lake in a steamboat. There high above on the west bank, rising abruptly above the dizzy cliffs, lies the little village of Tremosine. So smoothly do the yellow rocky walls shoot downward into the azure blue flood, above which the diminutive huts appear as if glued on the steep hillside, that a celebrated colleague, in the zeal of her observations, gave expression to this profound exclamation: "Ah, how have the people carried the stones up there!" Something of an undesigned witticism, but certainly a good one. And the rest of us laughed more over it than really was compatible with delicate gallantry toward the author.

The involuntary pleasantry arose from a very logical course of reasoning, and in the barren mountains the careful observer finds frequent opportunities to ask with surprise how the people have been able to convey this and that up. It is almost incredible what all can be carried and transported into the highest regions, and what the proudest hill must put up with will surprise a sentimental reveler in nature.

To how many tops of subordinate ranges the most pampered foolish ones in the

valley permit themselves to be whirled by smoking engines or cable in order to revel in the dearly purchased sunrise and Alpine glow in the luxurious comfort of the Rigi and other hotels we will not here speak of. It will be, of course, a good while yet till the completion of the Jungfrau Railroad. When on a Wendelstein and its companions in the east and west of the Alps comfortable refuges for travelers are erected, we are surprised that it is yet so primitive up there, and we look about us in vain for the station of a mountain railroad. It is worthy of notice along that line that on the boundary of very high regions and in other places we come across the simple houses of the Alpine Union, supplying only the practical necessities of mountain travelers, and especially in Switzerland more or less comfortable mountain hotels. But very wonderful will frequently be the cases if we take a wrong course in the heart of an extensive mountain group when we suppose that we can scarcely count on the most modest shelter; for example, in the extensive glacial region of ice-girt giant mountains which extend in a westerly direction from Brenner Pass between the much-frequented valley of the Pfiersch and Ridnau to the Stubai and others more than

11,000 feet in altitude. There in the midst of an extensive glacial territory, on an isolated rocky cone only six or seven hundred feet lower than the highest surrounding peaks, lies an asylum which in the evening the weary glacier traveler endeavors to reach instead of turning his steps valleyward. It is a diminutive cottage, built of stones and canvas fastened to decaying rocks by cables so that the wind cannot take it away; a scanty shelter for a couple of people anything but unpretentious? Oh, no; a real hotel in spite of the modest name, "A Refuge for Travelers of the Hanover Section of the German and Austrian Alps Union."

Walk in, traveler, into the comfortably furnished room of the spacious second story of the Empress Elizabeth house. A linoleum covered floor deadens the noise of the heavy-nailed shoes. In the tastefully furnished dining-room an appetizingly decorated table invites you to take a place. Curtains soften the bright light of the brilliant ice field without, and the walls are decorated with the originals of celebrated artists arranged in the form of a square suitable to the cozy interior. Certainly to find an original Deffreger almost 11,000 feet above the level of the sea in the midst of an ice desert is something of which you had never dreamed. A very substantial menu arouses epicurean desires in your stomach once so modest, and if your means will permit you may slake your Alpine thirst in the foaming canary glass. And all that is offered you at a height of almost 11,000 feet, hours away from the nearest inhabited valley and eleven from the railroad. How has everything been brought up there? But there is yet something else extraordinary. With a kindly smile the servant places before you a fresh roast of mutton, and the landlord standing near by remarks with a smile of self-satisfaction, "We slaughtered it to-day."

"Zounds, even the cutlets are carried up there," you at first suppose, until some one informs you that the poor sheep is brought from life to death up on the heights. Barbaric, indeed, but convenient. The

useful wool-bearer is made to transport his own juicy ribs, which is decidedly more convenient, and by this means the necessary freshness of this indispensable meat is guaranteed.

Less convenient, indeed, but much more interesting was the transportation of the building material and the fittings, which increase very much the cost of the simplest refuge for travelers in such an elevated territory. Every piece, the largest as well as the smallest, had to be carried to its place, the greater part of the way by human power. Only in exceptional cases does the condition of the path permit the use of pack animals. The house itself, that is, the frame-work, is brought together in the valley and then it is transported in single parts. The most appropriate time for this is the spring of the year, when the winter snow still fills up every place, making possible the use of sledges. These with their burdens are drawn up over the steepest parts by means of ropes which run over portable blocks with pulleys. So the transportation for the building of the Empress Elizabeth house proceeded in the month of March, 1894, for a few weeks in comparative comfort and without difficulty. Also the constant supplying of the house with the indispensable material for heating proceeded from St. Martin to Schneeberg by sledges over the level glacial territory. But certainly the use of this vehicle as a means of transportation into the very high regions is a limited one; the sledge journeys from the high ridge in the Oetz Valley to the well-known and most frequently visited Gletscher Pass in the Schnalser Valley and south of the Tyrol, which are exclusively for the convenience of passengers, are now even a curiosity.

Of greater importance would be the sledge post over the Aletsch glacier established at the terminus of the Jungfrau Railroad, which by the gentle and uniform slope of the longest ice stream of the Alps could furnish a medium of commerce to the Rhone Valley. As has been said, the employment of sledges for the transportation of loads is a very special advantage only to

a few of the houses in the high regions; for the most of these, every transportation is conducted with a weariness, difficulty, and expense which arise from the sole employment of human carriers. When we see, for example, with what toil costly firewood was supplied to the "Archduke John Cottage," erected by the Austrian Alpine Club on Grossglockner, lying about 11,000 feet above the sea level, only an hour below Glockner Peak, then we must be surprised at what a modest recompense the tourist is cared for in the high regions; and one may also form a conception of the immense difficulties which have to be overcome in building this elevated and well-conducted refuge for travelers. For there where the ground is not yet leveled for the iron rails, where the paths of the heavily laden mules end, there remains only the strength and perseverance of human beings, and this is expensive.

Man as a carrier in the pathless mountains is the oldest means of transportation for every conceivable burden. Above all, in war times, in every celebrated passage of the Alps from Hannibal to modern times, he has always proven the most trustworthy means of transportation. It is known what astonishing things the powerful son of the high mountains can perform in carrying his giant burdens, how in the Tyrolean struggle for liberty the Passeyr riflemen bore on their powerful shoulders cannons and officers over the ridges covered with snow, and how even now by the strength and perseverance of these frame-bearers the products of Alpine industries find their way from the remotest corners of the mountains into the great commercial regions. How often in my explorations in the Karwendel Hills, which lasted a week, I have met the *Kraxenträger* [frame-bearer], called for short "Krax," who, always laughing and in good spirits, for four *kreutzers* a kilo bore his heavy burden the long, difficult way from Schwaz into the Inn Valley, over the Lamsen ridge up to the "Eng," an ascent of about 5,000 feet and of about six hours for a vigorous walker. Once when I fell in with him he carried up fully two hundred and seventeen pounds

of necessities for the landlord of the "Eng" and for the Alps here and beyond at Lallers, about three hours the other side of a ridge almost 6,000 feet high. For the return journey, according to merchants of the Inn Valley, he loaded his frame with the products of the cheese dairy, always jolly in spite of his heavy day's work, living frugally on the simple provisions and taking account of every *kreutzer*, always on his guard not to be cheated by his wily purchasers. Indeed the *Kraxenträger* finds everywhere sharp competition with the numerous mules employed, largely for military purposes, in consequence of which the Austrian mountain artillery affords for the foreigner such a curious picture.

The carrier naturally plays a great rôle with the tourist, especially in the glacial regions of Switzerland, where in the difficult excursions the guides themselves carry nothing, and for transporting provisions, etc., special carriers must be engaged at a tax fixed by law. These certainly earn more than the *Krax*, and with wages from twenty to fifty francs in addition to the fees, a carrier can enjoy himself very well; indeed often too well, for the benefits of the provisions entrusted to him are too enticing. At the well-deserved rest suddenly the carefully packed provision sacks of the panting carrier appear very much lightened. The traveler and the guide joke and argue, but the condition is not to be altered.

The brave guide has often to prepare for the hard work of transportation if he is permitted to bring the ambitious tourist to the goal, for there are common fellows enough who like to swagger about with their ice-picks and impress their modest companions by valorous performances in the Alps without having the least capabilities for such. But of that the world is unsuspicious and the strong guides have powerful arms and stout ropes on which the courageous mountain climber must depend. The principal thing is that it is well paid for. Certainly there are a few brave guides and it is affirmed that now and then, though naturally rarely, the inverted relation between guide and tourist has been permitted.

But that happens only in the most serious undertakings, while a prudent guide of subordinate rank, as he importunes the tourists in the railway stations of Switzerland, finds many an opportunity in the safe regions, before the inexperienced crowd of harmless glacier vagrants, in the face of the deep blue crevasses of a *Mer de Glace*, to shine in the luster of a skilled glacier guide. In bright crowds the caravans of such glacier hordes, with numerous guides and carriers, overflow the sluggish end of a gently sloping ice stream; ladies in elegant toilets permit themselves to be conducted in a chair over the ridges of the ice territory, and all are surprised at the courage and the knowledge of the leader of the expedition, who, with his shining ice-axe in

his hand, conducts his glacier transportation all day like a thoughtless routineer.

In the meantime to him and his kind there suddenly comes the opportunity of a more serious transportation, when he is permitted on the information or supposition of an accident to go out on the search and to bear valleyward with unspeakable weariness the unfortunate ones, whether they be living with shattered limbs or dead and frozen stiff and hard by the nightly frost. Not always can they be found. Many a one has been buried by the falling avalanche or swallowed up by the glacial crevasse. The ice becomes his coffin, which often, after ten long years of transportation in the secretive deep, gives back the remains to the light.

LIFE IN THE DEAF AND DUMB WORLD.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

THE eighty-first anniversary of the founding of the School for Deaf-Mutes in Hartford, Conn., the first in the country, was recently celebrated with a dinner given by deaf-mutes at a famous New York restaurant. The dinner was also in honor of the founder of the school, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and of his son, Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, now president of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington, the only college of the kind in the world. The dinner was graced by many lady members of the alumnae association, and this circumstance lent added brilliancy to the flashes of witty silence, which were more than golden on this occasion. The turn of a head was eloquent, and white fingers snapping out swift repartee made spoken thought dull by comparison. When coffee was served, the chairman did not rap for order, to indicate the approach of the feast of reason. With a single impressive gesture he commanded a pause in the flow of the conversation of signs. In an instant all movement ceased around the table, while the chairman began an elaborate review of the services of the

men they were assembled to honor. His voiceless speech excited much enthusiasm, only the cheers were given noiselessly, and the appreciation of the finer points made by the orator were expressed by ardent gestures and hand-clapping that accentuated the charm of silence. Dr. Gallaudet spoke of methods of education of deaf-mutes with fingers so expressive that even the uninitiated were almost able to follow him. L. M. De Griollet, son of a former mayor of Paris, made one of the sign speeches of the evening. He flung eloquent phrases from his fingers in a torrent, and was most happy, he said, to note the progress which had been made in the methods of instruction of deaf-mutes. Mr. Griollet is himself a deaf-mute.

Having presented deaf-mutes conversing in sign-language, let me introduce a scene wherein the deaf-mutes conversed in what is known as lip-language. Early in the summer of 1898, a professor was murdered in the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Many people, out of sheer curiosity, went to the court-room to be present at the examination of the mutes who were arrested in



A GROUP OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS OF COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

connection with the case. Their curiosity was well rewarded, for where they expected to see the mutes make signs and gestures to convey meaning, they saw persons who had from birth been deaf, and had never heard the sound of a human voice, speaking and seeming to hear all that was said to them. The idea prevailed that deaf-mutes always conduct conversations in the sign-language. This was shown, in the court, to be a most incorrect idea; for the eyes of the deaf-mutes took the place of their ears, and by merely watching the lips of those who spoke to them the mutes understood the words with a rapidity that was more

than astonishing. There was great surprise, not only among the curious who had gone to the court, but on the part of the judge, when it was understood that the sign-language was absolutely prohibited in the institution where the murder was committed.

A professor of the institution acted as interpreter when the first witness was called. The first question the magistrate desired to ask was, "Did you see the boys in line marching to the class-room?" The professor looked at the witness and repeated the question in a natural tone and manner and added to the sentence, "Repeat what I have said." Before the sound of his voice had

died away the witness repeated the words, and then, after a moment's hesitation, continued, "I did, sir." Astonishment was evident on every side. The witness had certainly not heard the words addressed to him, and there was a peculiarity of his speech that showed plainly enough that he did not hear what he himself said. The words came from his mouth in a dull guttural monotone, seemingly

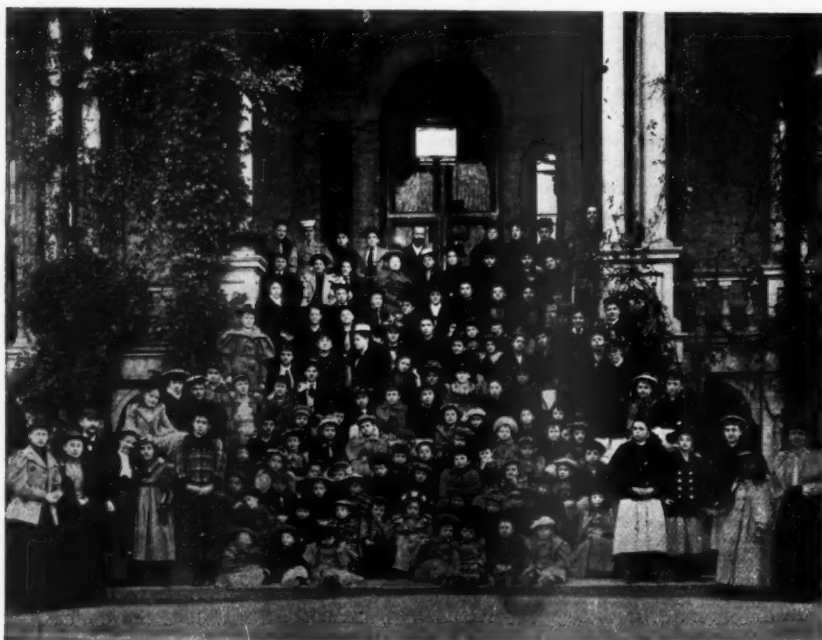


THE KINDERGARTEN PLAYHOUSE AT COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

pumped from his chest with the utmost effort. And all through that first examination and those which followed, all the mutes who were called read the lips of the interpreter, repeated the question, and answered as readily as though they had had their hearing.

These two scenes illustrate the two ways in which deaf-mutes in all parts of the world converse: First, the manual method, founded by the Abbé de l'Épée in France in 1760, based on a free use of the natural language of

rally employ signs, gestures, facial expression, elocutionary auxiliaries to the uttered word. All that was needed, then, was to formulate a manual alphabet and the system was ready. The system itself, in the hands of enlightened experts, has made rapid strides. Any one witnessing the exercise of a class of bright deaf-mute girls, reproducing a dialogue, a character impersonation, a hymn or prayer, will be fascinated by their grace and vivacity, by the fineness of perception and the more than Delsartian dramatic elegance



THE FEMALE PUPILS OF COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

the deaf-mute, that of pantomimic gestures. And second, the oral method, founded the same year by Samuel Heinicke in Germany, which has for its principal aim the development of the power of speech, and the training of the eye of the mute to perform the part of the palsied ear, by discerning the meaning of spoken words from the changes in position of the vocal organs.

Sign-language required no inventiveness, since the deaf themselves had been found to resort to it. We all resort to it. Men natu-

ally employ signs, gestures, facial expression, elocutionary auxiliaries to the uttered word. A strange service is held every Sunday in St. Ann's Church in New York. Not a sound is heard. Sermons in the sign-language are not novelties there, but not long ago a surprise for the congregation was prepared. Four young women, gowned in white, took places just outside the chancel-rail and the preacher told the congregation that they would try to convey to them, by means of the sign-language the rhythm and words of "Nearer,

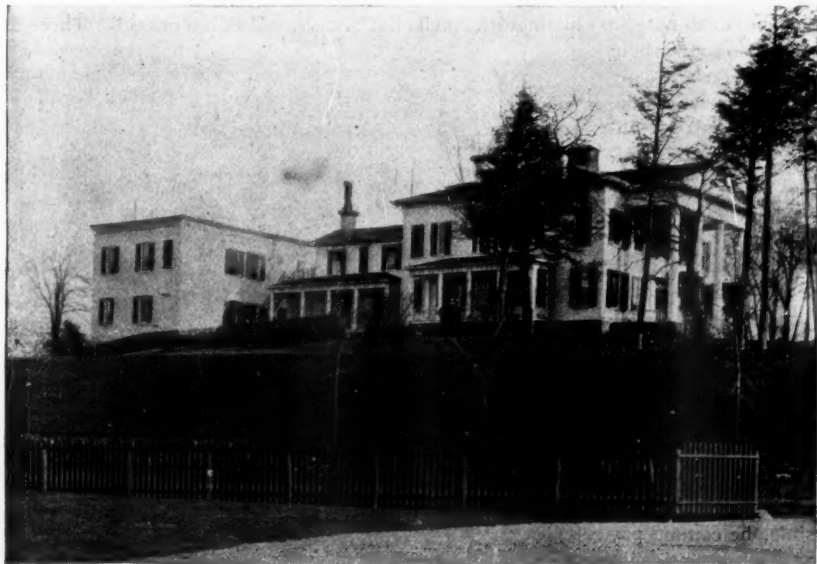
My God, to Thee." All of the women were deaf-mutes. With rapidly moving fingers they spelled out the song to the congregation, and when the chorus was reached all in the church rose to their feet and in unison took up the words of the anthem. And yet the church, all the while, was perfectly silent.

On Sunday afternoons, from different institutions in and around New York, men void of speech and words gather in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. To one who inadvertently ventures into those corridors there will be presented a strange sight. Little groups of deaf-mutes, totally unconscious of the intrusion, will be seen talking to one another by means of the finger alphabet. Voiceless arguments are carried on, for hours at a time, with wordless replies. It seems as though a pantomime or a marionette rehearsal were in progress.

The term deaf-mute or deaf and dumb is a misnomer, or at least inaccurate and misleading. The impression conveyed by it is that deafness and muteness are coordinate, that a person is mute from a cause similar to that of his deafness. In other words, that his vocal organs have been impaired

together with his organs of hearing. This is the popular belief. It is now known to be true in certain cases only. The same disease or pre-natal cause that destroys the auditory nerve may also affect the larynx or its appendages, although it is seldom found to have done so. On the contrary, people are mute simply because they, from lack of hearing, have never learned to speak, but not always because of organic disability.

Now, if the deaf can really talk, why not, argues the advocate of the oral school, enable them to talk and to do away with the sign-language? Why not supply them with a lip-language? This seemed a distinctly new opening for the narrowed, imprisoned world of deaf-mutes and as such their instructors were quick to lay hold of it. Articulation is now a part of the work in almost every institution. Prof. Alexander Melville Bell is the author of a system of "Visible Speech" consisting of charts, interpreting by a symbolic alphabet a phonetic combination for analyzing the mechanism of the human speech. To those who have paid little thought to the subject of lip-reading, however, it does not seem such a wonderful thing. But let any one who



OLD MONROE HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT, COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.



LEADERS' CLASS IN THE GYMNASIUM AT COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

thinks in this way stand before a looking-glass and pronounce the words "mother" and "butter." It will be observed that the position of the lips in uttering these words is identical. There are thousands of words where the position of the lips is the same in this way, such as "man," "pad," "pan," "bat," "mad." How, then, is it possible to teach the deaf-mute to distinguish such words and to sound them himself? There are many other words, such as the sound of "m," for instance, where the deaf-mute may see that the lips are closed, and that is all he knows.

In order that the deaf-mute may understand the ordinary utterance and speak naturally himself, he must be taught the words without any special effort on the part of the teacher. While the instructor must speak as distinctly as possible, he cannot pay especial attention to forming his lips properly,

for if he did, the mute would never be able to understand the ordinary person who spoke to him and who takes not the slightest care of the position of his lips. It must also be remembered that in ordinary conversation the words are not spoken distinctly and separately, but in groups. For example, we never say, "Here-is-your-hat," but always, "Hereisyourhat." These are a



THE GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM, COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

few of the many difficulties which surround the teaching of mutes to read the lips.

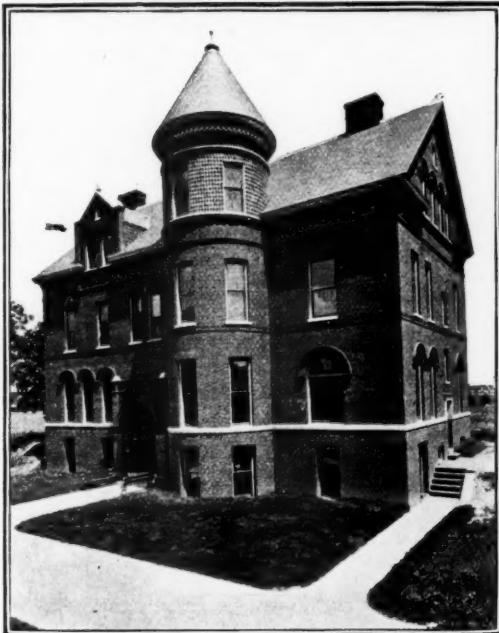
The age at which it is advisable to have a deaf-mute begin the study of lip-reading is eight years. But there is no limit to the age at which one may begin the study. With persons who have been deaf from birth, the teaching is begun by the instructor, who sits with his face to the light and his mouth on a level with the pupil's eyes, at a distance of about three feet. When the attention of the pupil has been fixed on the mouth of the teacher, the latter, omitting all exaggeration, pronounces some small word slowly and distinctly. Then the pupil is required to repeat the word. If he does not succeed the teacher places the back of the pupil's hand close before his mouth and lets him feel the breath as it comes from his

lips when he speaks. If the pupil still fails to imitate, the teacher places one of his hands on his chest to feel the vibration caused by the sound of his voice. During the first attempts at articulation, the pupil is apt to speak either too high or too low, or in a nasal tone. Pupils of average intelligence generally succeed after a few attempts in imitating some of the simple words. Occasionally is found one who either through not understanding or for some other reason will not use his voice. When asked to repeat a word he will move his lips exactly as the teacher does, but will not produce a sound, or will say the word in a whisper. Such a child, however, will

use his voice involuntarily on occasions of intense surprise or great joy or when pain is felt. The instructor has to watch his opportunity and whenever the pupil uses his voice in this way he tries to induce him to repeat the process, at the same time making him place his hand on his own chest and throat, so that he may become aware of the vibration. A deaf person who

is familiar with the language usually finds less difficulty in reading whole sentences from the lips of an instructor than a single word, because if he misses a few of the leading words he can supply them by guessing.

In cases of a person who has lost the sense of hearing, after having learned to speak, but cannot read or write, the manner of instruction is different. The teacher points successively to several



BOYS' DORMITORY, PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

objects at hand, the names of which are formed differently on the lips, such as a book or a picture or a desk. The instructor names these while the pupil watches his lips. The pupil is then requested to repeat what is said. He succeeds after a few trials. Next the names of these things are pronounced promiscuously, and the pupil is again asked to repeat them as they are called off. If he fails, the teacher points to the objects.

Do deaf-mutes prefer the lip-language? No! The fact is that the moment they are released from an oral lesson, they take to the sign-language as ducks do to the water. The oral doctrinaire says: Take the sign-

language away from them. Well, you can take water away from the ducks, but you will have very unhappy ducks to contend with. Even in the few ostensibly "pure

with strangers. They prefer writing. If we reflect upon the number of labials and linguals and how many sounds are formed in the interior of

the mouth, it will be easy to note what a precarious foundation there is for lip-reading. Sermons, lectures, theatrical entertainments, political speeches, all kinds of public discourses are at once eliminated along with the sign-language. The writer has seen a principal offering grace—in the sign-language—at dinner in a great dining-hall filled with four hundred or more children and watched the devout, intelligent looks of their faces, closely following the words of their teacher. Had the prayer been oral, only a dozen seated near him would have understood. It is not surprising that many intelligent deaf-mutes, who speak fairly well, should say that their speech was of small practical service to them outside of their own families.

At present the combined or eclectic system, as advocated by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, is recognized by the leading institutions of Europe and the United States, as the standard method of instruction for the deaf and dumb. At the same time



STATUE OF THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.

oral" schools, it is noticed that the unhappy pupils take to the sign-language as school-boys and girls take to novels and tarts after recitations. If they had never learned the manual alphabet, they would invent one. Learning to speak without hearing is at best a curious accomplishment. Deaf-mutes are shy to use it in their intercourse

it will be seen that schools for these afflicted ones are of three kinds: those that teach by means of the sign-language only, those that use only the oral method, and those that have adopted the combined system. The purely oral schools, the first of which were established thirty years ago, have not become numerous. Out of the fifty-five

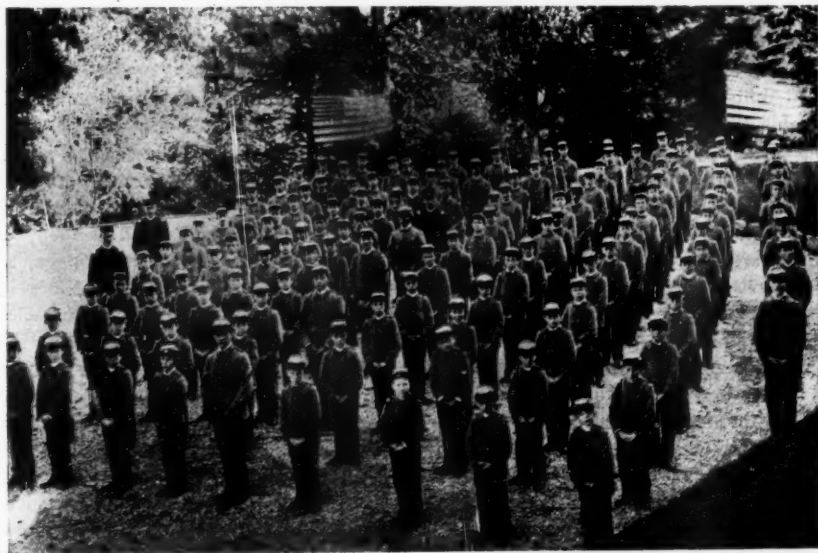
public schools of the country, only five sustain the purely oral method, and these five contain but 567 pupils out of 10,000 in all the public schools. But speech is taught in every one of the other schools, in connection with a greater or less use of the manual method. In the fifty public schools in which a combined method prevails, with a pupilage of 9,018, more than 4,000 pupils are taught speech.

Education of deaf-mutes has kept pace with education in general. The common branches are as well taught in our state institutions for the deaf as in our public schools. In addition there is a high-school department in each, while for the more ambitious and gifted, our government supports, in Washington, the college under the presidency of the eminent Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, already referred to.

In 1857 there were nineteen schools, the buildings and grounds of which had cost \$1,371,736, the annual support of which involved an expenditure of \$285,416, and in which 1,771 pupils were being educated. At the present time there are eighty-nine schools, with 11,054 under instruction. Thirty-four of these schools are

in private hands, or are day-schools in connection with the common-school system of some city or town. For the fifty-five public institutions, more than eleven million dollars have been expended on buildings and grounds, and nearly two million are appropriated annually for current expenses. In every state in our Union public provision is made for the education of the deaf, thirty-nine states having schools of their own, and the six states without them providing for the education of their deaf children in the schools of the neighboring states. The census of 1890 showed that there were 41,283 deaf-mutes in the United States. Industrial departments exist in all but two of the public schools, and in fourteen of the private and day-schools. In the larger schools from five to seventeen industries are taught.

The foremost seat of learning for the deaf and dumb is, of course, Dr. Gallaudet's college, established in Washington in 1857, and now officially known as the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind. The history of the growth, development, and success of the Columbia Institution is inseparable from the life of Dr.



A COMPANY OF THE SCHOOL'S REGIMENT AT COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

Gallaudet, who for forty years has been in turn instructor and organizer, its superintendent and president, but always its inspiration and hope. Orphaned early, injured first to business, and later college trained, young Gallaudet was made, before

to confer on it full collegiate powers. Congress also increased its appropriation to nearly \$30,000 that year, and insured the future of the institution, in 1858, by granting to it annually \$5,000, thus committing the United States to the support of its first



A GROUP OF BICYCLISTS OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE, COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

his graduation, an instructor in the Hartford School for the Deaf. His character and work were such that, despite his extreme youth, Mr. Amos Kendall, without seeing him and on reports of his capacity, offered him the superintendency of the Columbia Institution, just chartered by the Congress of the United States. Kendall, to whose enlightened spirit of charity and timely generosity this work was primarily due, gave house and land, guaranteed the first salaries, and later built a schoolhouse.

From five in 1857, the pupils grew to fifty-seven in 1863, and in 1864 Professor Gallaudet, who had demonstrated his fitness for organization and management, saw practical realization of the idea that had originally inspired him to accept control of the work—the initiation of higher education and the establishment of a college. The Congress, which had wisely extended its interest in and financial aid to the school, now displayed its entire confidence by turning aside, in the midst of the great Civil War,

educational institution on peaceful lines, the others being for war—at West Point and Annapolis. The annual appropriation for this institution now amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Columbia Institution is unique, not only because it is the only college for the deaf and dumb in the world, but also because it is the only institution where pupils acquire a complete education. More than six hundred young men and women have received the training of the college, and have proved by their intellectual development that deafness presents no obstacle to a very high degree of mental culture. The practical advantages of the higher education to these young people have been marked and great, as will be shown by an enumeration of some of the occupations that have been opened to them. Forty-seven who have gone out from the college have been engaged in teaching; four have entered the Christian ministry; three have become editors and publishers of newspapers;

three others have taken positions connected with journalism; fifteen have entered the civil service of the government—one of these, who rose to a high and responsible position, resigned to enter upon the practice of law in patent cases in Cincinnati and Chicago, and has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States; one is the official botanist of Iowa; one, while filling a position as instructor in a western institution, has rendered an important service to the Coast Survey as a microscopist, and one is engaged in the office of the state surveyor for Illinois.

Of the three who became draftsmen in architects' offices, one is in successful practice as an architect on his own account, which is also true of another, who completed his education by a course of study in Europe; one has been repeatedly elected recorder of deeds in Savannah, and two others are recorders' clerks in the West; one was elected and still sits as a city councilman; one has become eminent as a practical chemist and assayer; two are members of the faculty of the college in Washington; and two others are rendering valuable services as instructors therein; some have gone into mercantile and other offices; some have undertaken business on their own account, while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits. Of those engaged in teaching, one has been the principal of a flourishing institution in Pennsylvania; one is now in his second year as principal of the Ohio Institution; one has been at the head of a day-school in Cincinnati, and later of the Colorado Institution; a third has charge of the Oregon Institution; a fourth is at the head of a day-school in St. Louis; three others have respectively founded and are now at the head of schools in New Mexico, North Dakota, and Evansville, Ind., and others have done pioneer work in establishing schools in Florida and Utah.

The students of the Columbia Institution enjoy the same activities and recreation as those of other colleges, and in baseball, football, hare-and-hounds, and other outdoor sports compare favorably with other

teams. A teacher of deaf-mutes one day awoke to the fact discovered so many centuries ago, namely: that a healthy mind chiefly depends upon a healthy body. He concluded that the reason for a deaf-mute's slouchy carriage, listless gait, and general air of depression was the lack of physical exercise. He found that, outside the deaf-mute's affliction, there were other physical reasons that tended to his downcast mental attitude. He found, for instance, that a deaf-mute's chest is narrow and contracted, because a man who cannot speak does not exercise his chest and lungs like a normal man, nor does he breathe in the same way. He also found that a deaf-mute's gait was due, in great part, to the fact that he was not alive to impressions that came by the way of the tympanum of the ear. A gymnasium accordingly was fitted up.

Since the introduction of gymnasium work the improvement in the physical well-being of the students in the institution has been wonderful. Bent backs have been straightened, narrow chests expanded, lips that were once slack tightened, and eyes that were once dull brightened. "Once get a deaf-mute interested," says the "gym" master, "and before you know where you are he is hotly enthusiastic. He undoubtedly has more power of concentration than ordinary young men in possession of all their faculties. He works like a Trojan and plays accordingly. The main trouble I have with my pupils—both sexes—is to prevent them trying to do too much. They would be here twelve hours a day if I would allow them. I am going to teach them handball this year, which is calculated to develop chest and lungs—their weakest points. One endeavor is to obtain what I might term 'gymnastic articulation,' that is, to get a boy who is performing a chest exercise to pronounce a short word by means of the extra force of air forced through his lungs. In several cases I have managed by this method to get a pupil to jerk out, so to speak, a single word, and more than once I have succeeded in obtaining the articulate emission of four consecutive words."

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

BY F. SCHEIBLER.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

ON returning to Calcutta on the first of March, and having made my call on Lord Beresford to thank him for his kindness, I found myself without any occupation, and, worse than that, fairly consumed by the mania for killing a tiger, so that I might carry its skin home as a trophy. I had only a month left before my departure for Italy, including the trip to Bombay. So the time was, to say the least, limited. I had received two invitations to join a hunt and was hesitating between them, when a fortunate combination of circumstances procured for me a third and more favorable opportunity and thus released me from the necessity of making a choice.

Having gone the Sunday after my return to the Zoological Gardens in company with my friend Fenwick, I met there Sir Benjamin Simpson, a most enthusiastic tiger-hunter. He had been in India for more than twenty years in the capacity of a physician, had met with great success, and now was on the point of returning to Europe in order to enjoy quietly the fruit of his labors. He owned important tea plantations at the foot of the Himalayas and had but recently returned from them, passing by the hunting camp of his excellency the maharajah of Cooch Behar on his way to the sea. We talked for some time about our enjoyment of the chase. I told him of my experience in India and expressed to him my desire of killing a tiger before I left the country. Then we parted.

Two days later I went to see some photographs he had taken of the rajah's camp, and was pleasantly surprised to find an invitation awaiting me from the rajah himself to a hunt which had been begun ten days before. Naturally I needed no urging and started the next morning for the camp. Eighteen hours by rail brought me to Mogolhat. There I crossed a broad stream

on the rajah's elephant and found a collation prepared near by in the bungalow. From this point I was rapidly driven to the palace of Cooch Behar, using four relays of horses.

The residence is truly a magnificent one, being built entirely out of red stone, which was brought from a distance at great expense. An immense dome in the center of the structure covers an atrium, which is paved in the Venetian style. Along the broad staircase and in the halls are hung innumerable trophies of the hunt. The palace is surrounded by a very large park with lawns after the English fashion, where are several lawn-tennis courts. I visited the well-filled cages of wild beasts and the horse and elephant stables. These last were wholly deserted by their occupants, which were being used in the hunt. Sixty horses were there, however, employed in transporting guests from Mogolhat to the palace and from the palace to the hunting camp.

I gave the letter of introduction, with which Simpson had furnished me, to a servant, adding my visiting card to it, and was soon invited to tiffin by the wife of the rajah's private secretary, Mrs. Bignell. Her husband, a genuine sportsman, was directing the movements of the hunt, and, indeed, combined in his one person the double functions of master of the horse and court ceremonies. Mrs. Bignell gave orders for my carriage as soon as tiffin was over, and after changing horses five times I reached, at half-past nine in the evening, an encampment of natives, which was the end of the carriage road and the last post of the Anglo-Indian constabulary. The guests had to go on elephants the remaining distance. But if I wished to take part in the hunt the next day I must travel all night and with whatever means I might find, for the ele-

phants did not start till the following morning.

I hired two ox-carts, one for myself and one for my servant and baggage, and the next day at the early hour of half-past five reached the camp. All were asleep save the sentinel pacing in front of the rajah's tent. So I fell into a doze, leaving orders to be wakened at eight. At breakfast I was presented to his excellency, a handsome man of about thirty, who spoke both English and French. He was educated in England and has adopted English customs and dress. He is a fine huntsman and an excellent shot. There were four other Europeans besides myself as guests, two of them English generals. The rajah had also an English military *attaché* with him and an English physician.

You make ready for the hunt the moment breakfast is over. Elephants carrying howdahs go to the tents of all the hunters to take along their arms. My own outfit included a soft hat for the evening, a waterproof, and my indispensable camera. Big-nell gave me a carbine. We had twelve elephants when we started, almost all of them old bulls with very long tusks and of a colossal size. The one assigned to me was called Peabody. He was guided by a *mahout*, whom I very soon won over by a good fee and the promise of a fine present if he helped me kill a tiger. The finest elephant of all, however, was the one ridden by the rajah. Of immense size, his long, sharp tusks guaranteed him against the attacks of any animal whatsoever. Always impassive, he had absolutely no fear of tigers.

Half an hour after the departure of the howdahs the hunters started in companies of three or four, mounted on their respective elephants. Seated beside her husband on one of these was Lady Gordon. This manner of journeying is very acceptable. The elephants go more swiftly and their gait is more pleasing than those which carry the howdahs. But you must get into this structure when once you reach the field of action. My first day at the hunt was not very lucky. The servants beat up the dense high thickets

so favored by the rhinoceros, but did not discover any. The rhinoceros likes marshes but stays during the day in the depths of the jungle. The Asiatic rhinoceros has one horn only, not over a foot long at the most. His foot is a complete circle and is furnished with three nails. He boasts of four sharp teeth, two upper and two lower, which are intended to tear to shreds the cane and the branches on which he feeds. He is a dangerous animal to hunt and even assails the elephant. Besides, he does not die easily.

This first day I was especially interested in noticing the arrangements for the hunt and the work of the elephants in the thicket. The hunters came in their howdahs to the leeward of the woods, while the fifty elephants which beat up the bush entered it to the windward side. The line of these elephants is flanked at either end by a hunter, who directs the line and who also looks after any animal that tries to escape from the jungle. There is also a hunter in the center of the file who exercises like duties, and in case of a large number of elephants it is customary to increase the number of hunters.

A strict oversight on the part of the men who guide the elephants is necessary. They must keep in touch with one another so as not to pass by any animal which may be in their path. The line of the beaters advances through the dense brush with tremendous uproar, breaking down even the trees which oppose its progress. The noise sounds like the sea in a storm. In the jungles which are haunted by the rhinoceros and buffalo the reeds often rise to a greater height than the howdahs on the elephants' backs, or nearly to twenty feet. In that case it is impossible to see the ground on which they are treading. Nor can the drivers see one another easily, and they are therefore provided with long poles which have white flags at the end. By these signals the file is kept in line. Whenever a tiger attacks an elephant in such a jungle the hunter can only lay down his gun and hold tight to the howdah. For in case the tiger leaps on the elephant's back the latter gives

such tremendous shakes to get rid of him that the hunter runs the risk of being thrown entirely out of his protection and into the deep morass.

But on this particular day we found neither rhinoceros nor buffaloes, though we continued the beating till evening, interrupting it only from one to two o'clock to take tiffin, which was provided in the most luxurious manner imaginable. Seats were set about a well-furnished table. There were cold and hot dishes and rice with excellent curry prepared by an Arabian cook, who had no other duties. Wines and liquors of all kinds were supplied in abundance, as well as ice, which was in great demand by all. We returned to the camp late, having shot but three deer, and after a good hot bath all sat about in smoking jackets to await the dinner hour. I had time to make the rounds of the camp, which seemed like a city of tents. These were arranged in two rows, with the dining tent on one side between the rows and on the other the tent of the rajah. The elephants' stables and the *mahouts'* tents were about two hundred yards distant, while between these and ours was the tent of the embalmers, who prepare and preserve the trophies. I noticed among the animals which had been already killed, twelve tigers, five rhinoceros, fifteen buffaloes, four bears, and twelve deer.

After dinner I made Bignell tell me his adventures. One of them was unusually interesting. It happened fifteen years before, when he was stationed in Central India. At that time he received a visit from an English friend, who, like most travelers, wished to kill a tiger. They learned that a large one had just devoured a buffalo in a neighboring wood. So he took his friend to the place, put him in a tree on a kind of platform, gave him his new Winchester, and stationed himself some seventy yards distant on the ground. In Central India, where there is a dearth of elephants and where the jungle is not so dense as in Bengal, the beating up is done by natives on foot, who make a great din with the *tom-tom* (rings on sticks). The tiger was discovered and passed under the tree, the

visitor meanwhile inflicting on him a slight wound, which only infuriated him. He saw Bignell and, giving vent to hoarse, sinister growls, leaped toward him. At fifty yards Bignell fires. The tiger lifts his tail, as he always does when he is hit, and keeps on. Bignell kneels and taking careful aim fires again at ten yards only, piercing the tiger's stomach. One more leap and he is struck down by a mighty blow of the tiger's tail, and loses his senses. He had a vague remembrance of the beast licking his wounds in his death throes, and then all grew black under the oppression of the heavy weight on his breast. When he revived he heard one shot after another. It was his friend in the tree, who, perceiving the tiger's hide from his perch, was using up the remaining cartridges of the Winchester rifle, fortunately, however, without effect. When the beaters arrived and drew Bignell out from under the animal they found that the latter had just missed the hunter's head with his open jaws but had struck him with his hind feet. His claws left their mark on the Englishman's head and shoulders. The whole of the following year he spent in a hospital. It was necessary to trepan his head and insert a platinum plate in the place of the bone which was removed. He assured me he never lent his Winchester to a friend again. For even the wounds made by a tiger are generally fatal. His mouth and claws are almost always infected by the carcasses he devours and their contact produces blood-poisoning.

The hunt as carried on at Cooch Behar is unique for the simple reason that no other Indian rajah keeps sixty elephants for that purpose alone. Their line was guided by Bignell. He would take the right end and place in the center the chief of the native beaters, a certain Goli who had the care of the elephants during the entire year. This man was a fine type of the Hindu. Lean and tall, he would stand erect on his elephant and by much shouting and gesticulating would keep the line straight. All day long you could hear his "Forward on the right," "Slower in the center," "Firm on the left," and so on.

On the second day we did not get started before ten o'clock. The rajah prefers to make a late hunt in order to have news of tigers, if there are any in the vicinity. He induces the natives to let their buffalo herds loose during the night in the neighborhood of the jungles that are most frequented by tigers. He reimburses them for the value of the beasts they lose and also makes them a present for every tiger they may locate. So it is quite certain that if any tigers appear he is told of the fact in the morning, and then with his array of elephants and huntsmen it is quite difficult for the animals to escape. On this particular morning no such tidings had arrived and so we started in for a buffalo hunt. I am very fortunately placed at the angle of a thicket. The beaters stir up one buffalo, then another, then a third, each one of which I strike in the head as he appears. He, falling on his knees, disappears in the bush. Great is the applause of the natives at such lucky shots. But when the chase is over and the thicket is searched only one dead buffalo is discovered. I dismount from my elephant, and scanning the carcass find out that the same buffalo has received all three of my bullets and they in his head. This will show you what an extraordinary vitality this animal possesses. If you do not strike at once into his heart or brain he can carry a perfect mass of lead. There was no other large game forthcoming for the day. A very strong wind was blowing, which is an unfavorable condition for hunting.

The next day a native runs in with the news that a tiger had been seen to swim across the river Sunkos at five o'clock and enter the jungle. The prospect of fine sport created a general good humor. For in India the tiger is the king of the forest and all hunters prefer him to the other game. We are placed in position; I am but fifty paces from the rajah. The beaters enter the bush. We are on the alert, but nothing is seen. A native swears that the tiger must be there and that he is an old male. Bignell says that sometimes they remain crouched motionless on the ground within a yard of the nearest elephant that

passes by. The beating is gone over again. About half way through there is a general commotion in the line. Some of the elephants trumpet, a sound which ends in a very loud *pluff*. Others turn around and try to run away.

Bignell, who is with the line and who sees the jungle move before him, fires at a guess, both to prevent the tiger from profiting by the confusion of the file in order to escape to the rear, as well as to urge him toward the hunters. The tiger bounds forward, crying now and then. It finally reaches the last point of the brush formed by reeds, which I see moving right before me. Great is the uproar. All the *mahouts* on their elephants shriek loudly enough to split their throats. They are able by their noise to keep the tiger from turning on them and therefore are full of courage. The cry which dominates all is the phrase of "The tiger is going forward," which is always repeated when the tiger is started from its lair. The rajah perceives that if they make him come out in my direction he can take refuge, unless he is at once killed, in a large thick jungle where it would be difficult to discover him. So he closes up his elephants. He brings the front of the beating line to the place where we were stationed and he moves me to the other side of the little piece of reeds in which the tiger had taken refuge—who knows in what frame of mind. The point of the bush was not over ten yards wide. No sooner is the rajah's order given than the elephant wall advances and the tiger comes out fifteen paces from me. The rajah could not have been more polite. He allowed me to fire first. My bullet struck the shoulder in the place at which I had aimed, but it did not stop the tiger on the spot. He gave another leap, and received together with my second bullet a regular fusilade from the rajah, Bignell, and Hughes, who had come up. He sinks in a death struggle at the feet of my elephant. Peabody sends him flying with one kick. I beg the others not to shoot, photograph his agony, then finish him with a bullet behind the ear. The rajah was so kind as to present me with his skin, which

was unusually beautiful. It extended to nearly nine feet in length, or but a little short of the record, which is slightly over nine feet.

We were returning to the camp well satisfied with our sport, when a native ran up saying there was another tiger in a jungle some four miles distant. This one came out at the first beating up. With long growls often repeated, it passed unharmed through the hunters and jumping into a ditch some ten yards broad disappeared under the water. When it came to the surface there was a general discharge of rifles. The bullets churned up the water around its head but without harming it. It reached the opposite bank, right in the direction of the elephant, posted near by, on which were Major Gordon and his wife. The major fires twice, but does not succeed in stopping the beast. His wife, however, aims at him with her little carbine, and it is her bullet which lays the great animal low. There is no need of saying that we gave the brave lady a regular ovation. After dinner that evening the rajah had champagne brought out and proposed a toast to her. The results of her good shot were, however, not fortunate for Mrs. Gordon. The next year in wishing to handle a larger carbine she received a violent blow in the face from the kick of the gun, and ever after bore the scar that the accident occasioned.

Other hunts resulted in trophies of rhinoceros, bison, bears, and also one tiger. At last we ran across a tiger family. It consisted of a male, a female, and two cubs. The male was in the jungle where we started our first one. The beating up is but half over when we hear a howl. The elephants trumpet and run away, and the tiger escapes by passing through the line. He plunges into the Sunkos and continues his flight on the other side for several miles. We hope to be more fortunate with the female, which is in a thicket of high canes near a ditch to which it had dragged a dead buffalo. The thicket is surrounded by the elephants and the tigress comes out

swimming through the reedy water, so that she is invisible. I notice the tops of the reeds moving some twenty yards distant, and fire at random without any result. The elephants then drive out the two cubs, which are easy prey. A native has seen the mother among some bushes near a marsh. The elephants are driven thither, beat up the brush, but refuse to enter the swamp, where a dense growth covers the water. Bignell is sure that the tigress is there, and the rajah has several shots fired into the jungle with the object of driving her out, but to no purpose. We then go away, leaving a native in a tree to observe the course of events. Half an hour later she calmly appears, and catches a buffalo that very night.

The day following the rajah decides to postpone the hunt, both because the tiger will be on the watch and because the elephants are tired and need a rest. The morning after this recess, we start out once more, a tiger is discovered but he turns on the elephants and drives them back in terror. Gordon, who is in the line with them, wounds him twice. Bignell rallies the elephant drivers and they advance once more. The infuriated beast leaps at Bignell's elephant and grips its forehead with his teeth. The elephant shrieks, shakes himself vigorously, and frees himself. The tiger utters a growl which terrifies the other elephants. They all flee. He returns to the bush. In the meantime Bignell had laid down his rifle and clung to his howdah to escape falling. He must have been endowed with nerves of steel not to tremble at all. The elephants all refusing to make another trial I obtain permission to advance with Peabody. We enter the jungle. The tiger which had been wounded by Gordon greets me with terrible howls. I plant a bullet near his heart. Another bullet carries away a tooth, but this was bad practice on my part, since the wound was not a mortal one. And the rajah, who had now come up, gave me a lesson by at once despatching the beast. It was even larger than the one we had first killed.

THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

BOOK II. IN LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

ON this side of the fire sat Frank Barry; on that Marian, his wife.

Both were reading: Frank lying back in an easy chair, pipe in mouth, legs stretched and crossed; Marian seated on a low stool, cheek in hand, and a book in her lap. At Frank's elbow, on a table, a tumbler containing whisky and water stood among a litter of books and papers; on the mantel-shelf, above Marian's head, stood an empty wine glass among the photographs.

The room (usually called the study) was small, cheerful; lined with books, hung with prints and portraits of literary celebrities; lighted by a shaded lamp; set here and there with wicker chairs, pots of ferns, knickknacks of various kinds. The carpet was strewn with fringed mats, scraps of paper, odds and ends of dress stuff. A table by the wall held a sewing machine, a work-basket, a roll of paper patterns, some lengths of lace, and a bundle of linen. An evening paper lay crumpled at Frank's feet. A society journal lay on the hearth-rug beside Marian's stool. The room had an untidy appearance, an air at once of disorder and of comfort. The curtains were drawn; the door almost closed. A big fire was burning; for it was early spring and the nights were cold.

The Barrys lived in furnished apartments—first-floor dining-room, second-floor bedroom, and this study of Frank's—near the Kennington end of Camberwell New Road. The neighborhood, they found, offered advantages in the shape of cheap rents and markets, good air and modest requirements; advantages all of them not to be despised by a young couple of slender means and a family of one, a fine boy, called Frank, just then some sixteen months old. Moreover,

Camberwell was Marian's birthplace, and close by, in the Leipsic Road, lived her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dent. Furthermore, their present landlady, a worthy person enough, had been Frank's in the old days, and his present study had once been his den.

They were married in the summer following the days of Frank's adventures in Ireland—nearly three years before. The current of their lives ran smoothly enough and not unhappily. Marian was a good wife; Frank above the average of husbands. He had changed but slightly in those three years—somewhat paler, a little less robust, a slight thinning among the curls above his forehead, another wrinkle or two in his brow, another line or two of experience, of weakness, on his face; that was all. Sometimes, when women were in sight, for instance, he gave Marian cause for uneasiness; occasionally he had long fits of depression, abstraction; now and then, in the days maybe when work was speeding and fame came luring, he rose to fine heights of amiability and good spirits. He was still a literary man: a writer of reviews, paragraphs, articles, tags of verse. Editors were kind. Work was in plenty. Seldom now did the wolf come snarling. He wrought hard; lived in hope; and, for the rest, was sitting there before the fire while Marian his wife ran a critical and sympathetic eye over the pages of his first book, not that great novel of which we have already heard, but another and a slighter work, in which, hastily and not very successfully, it must be said, he had embodied some of the first fruits of his observation and experience.

They read in silence for some little time. Occasionally Marian looked up, turned toward the door, and appeared to be listening; frequently Frank lowered his book and shot a quick look, a hungry look you

might call it, at his wife's face. At last, he took a sip of whisky and water; dabbed at the fire with the poker; filled and lighted a fresh pipe, then rested elbows on knees, and with that old smile of his playing about his lips, turned to Marian.

"Well, old girl," said he. "And how goes it?"

Marian closed the book on her thumb; leaned forward and looked at the fire. She was a handsome woman; features full, round, and regular; brows broad and clearly marked; lips firm; chin strong; hair beautiful and abundant; eyes frank and deep and calm.

"Oh, nicely, thank you, Frank." Her voice came clear and rich. "And you?"

Frank spread his hands to the blaze; raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"I? Oh, I'm all right," said he. "A bit tired, you know, and lazy."

Marian did not answer. Frank looked a while at his hands; then turned again.

"I'm afraid you're bored a little to-night, my dear," said he; suddenly crossed his legs and leaned over the arm of his chair. "Come now. Confess. Aren't you bored to death?"

Marian looked round; searched Frank's eyes and smiled.

"Ah, you vain fellow," said she, with a shake of her head. She raised Frank's book. "Is it *this*?" she asked, and smiled again.

"Yes, it's *that*. I've been watching you this half hour; twenty times has my pipe gone out; twenty times I thought you were going to say—say something. I'm as nervous—oh, bother. Honestly, Marian—honestly, mind, what do you think of it?"

Eagerly Frank leaned over the arm of his chair, eyes shining, his fingers twitching; slowly Marian turned her face to the fire.

"Honestly, Marian. Honestly."

"Well, honestly, Frank—I like it." Very deliberately Marian spoke. "I never expected you could do so well with fiction. It's—really, parts of it are excellent."

Frank sat back in his chair.

"Damned with faint praise," he muttered. He joined his finger-tips; looked at the fire and sighed. "Ah, well," he murmured dolefully. "Ah, well."

Marian turned to him.

"You asked me to be honest with you, Frank."

"I know, my dear; I know."

"And I am," Marian went on; "I'm trying to be very honest. Surely you wouldn't have me say what I don't mean, Frank?"

"Of course not. Certainly not."

Marian opened the book, laid her hands upon it, and fell to twisting her rings.

"You see, Frank, I'm not very clever. You mustn't expect too much of me. And, you know, I never did enjoy stories of country life very much. Did I?"

Frank fidgeted in his chair.

"Oh, it's all right, dear," he said. "Don't worry. I know exactly. You're disappointed." He sighed again. "Ah, well; it'll all come right some day."

"Frank," said Marian, raising her eyes, "don't be unjust. I'm *not* disappointed. I am very proud of you. I've read every word; and see," she raised the book, "I'm not quite through it."

Frank nodded; smiled; kept his eyes on the fire. There came a short pause.

"Frank, what do you want me to say?"

"Nothing, dear; nothing. I quite understand." Frank rapped the ashes from his pipe on the bar of the grate. "I know I'm foolish. Only—" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Only what, Frank?"

"Well, I thought, perhaps, you might disagree a little more with the critics."

"I do, Frank. I hate them."

"Yes. Hate them and agree with them."

"Frank, it's cruel of you to say that."

"It is slipshod," Frank continued, with a curl of his lip. "It is rambling, amateurish. Amateurish! As though I were a schoolgirl."

Quick words were on Marian's tongue. She checked them, and leaning her cheek on her hand looked at Frank. Poor fellow. Oh, those brutes of critics! And she was unsympathetic, hard. She reached out her

hand; all at once rose, went to the door, and stood listening—a fine picture, in her sweet grace, of young motherhood.

"I thought I heard the little man," she said, coming back. "Bless him, what a sleep he is taking." She knelt by Frank's chair and took his hand. "And now let me lecture my dear old boy. Really, Frank, you must not worry so. After all, what of the critics? They don't know everything; they *must* make mistakes. And what good can worrying do?"

"I know," Frank broke in. "But who can help worrying," he cried, "when he sees himself misunderstood, vilified? When this man is unjust and that man brutal—"

"Yes, Frank; yes."

"Great heavens, the work I've put into that book, the experience, the observation! The care I've had; the drudgery it has cost me. And then—then to find I've cast my pearls before swine—"

"I know, Frank; I know."

"Before God, Marian," cried Frank, swinging round in his chair, "I often think I'd be a happier man with the life and ambitions of a city clerk. Look at the work I do; see the reward. Look at the ambitions I have; see their result. Bah!" He flung round again. "What's the good of talk? What's the confounded good of anything?"

Marian slipped down on the hearth-rug and sat reading the fire. Had Frank said truth? Would he be a happier man with the pale face, black coat, everlasting routine, narrow means and hopes of a city drudge? She wondered. Would she be a happier woman? She wondered again. Some things then might be gained; some things spared. Frank was altering. He was getting a little hard, morose; a little careless, maybe. Three years? And three years more?

Dead silence held the room for a while; then Frank leaned forward and laid a hand on his wife's shoulder.

"Forgive me, Marian," he pleaded. "Forgive me, my dear. I'm ashamed of myself. Forget what I've said; and forgive me. Won't you?"

"Why, of course, Frank." Marian looked up. "Of course."

"I was absurd. It was all those brutes—but there, let them be."

Frank rose; picked his book from Marian's stool and, with his back to the fire, stood turning its pages. "After all," he went on, "it's not so bad. Even the most malevolent cannot deny that there's a spark of promise here and there. Eh, Marian?"

"Yes, Frank."

"That scene, for instance, by the lake shore, when the hero tries to say good-by and, instead, wanders weakly into a declaration of love. That's good, I know. Eh, Marian?"

"I thought it very curious, Frank."

"Yes? And the setting of it? The black trees, the silent shore, the stretch of lonely waters, the cottage on the hillside, the wooden pier, the boats lying beside it. Eh, Marian, what did you think of that?"

"It is admirable, Frank. I could picture it all quite clearly."

"Good, good for me! And the heroine, little black-eyed Nancy? How did you like her, Marian?"

"Ah, poor girl; poor child. My heart bled for her. That cruel fellow."

Frank winced. He lowered his book.

"You don't like the hero, then, Marian?"

"No, I don't, Frank." Marian looked up. "Surely you didn't expect me to like him?"

Frank turned away; for a moment swayed to and fro.

"Well," he answered, "perhaps not. Still, he deserves some pity. He was weak."

"Miserably weak."

Frank winced again.

"He was. No doubt he was. But, you see, Marian, he is a kind of study. He has the artistic temperament. He is emotional. Surely, he is to be forgiven something for the sake of his frailties, of what, by nature, he could not help?"

"No." Marian shook her head. "No."

"But, Marian. Think, my dear. We are none of us perfect. . . . Now, this man was very human, very imperfect; I don't wish to defend him; still—"

Again Marian shook her head.

"It's no use, Frank, trying to argue the matter. I can only tell you that I hate the fellow."

Frank smiled knowingly, a man's smile at a woman's reason.

"Well, well," said he. "So my poor hero stands condemned. You hate him, Marian?" he asked, and looked furtively down at her. "You find nothing to like in him at all?"

"He is untrue, Frank," answered Marian, in her decisive way; "and a weakling, and a coward. That is quite enough for me."

Frank stooped to stir the fire. He had no wish further to hear Marian's opinion of this hero of his—this hero with a character and a record perilously like his own. It was just like Marian, he thought. No mercy for weakness; no pardon for frailty; no perception of the very narrow path which, in this mortal world of ours, ever separates the sheep from the goats. That hero of his had faults, even as he himself had; had virtues, too, even as he. . . .

"Frank," said Marian, from her place by his chair.

"Yes, my dear."

"Did you ever meet any of the people in your story? Are any of them drawn from real life?"

Frank dropped the poker.

"From real life?" said he; then paused and appeared to consider. "H'm. Let me see. Well, no, Marian; not any of them in their entirety. They are things of shreds and patches. Of course I have drawn upon my experience; what novelist does not? But I have idealized, selected. No; they were never real. But why do you ask?"

Marian had been looking up at Frank; now she dropped her eyes.

"Oh, I have no particular reason, Frank. It was only a fancy. And the story, is that, too, an invention?"

"Yes," answered Frank. "Certainly. But why do you ask *that*, Marian?"

"Really, Frank, I don't know; except that sometimes I seemed to be reading of things that had actually happened."

"Ha! One for me," said Frank; "one for me."

"That scene by the lake shore, for instance," Marian went on. "Well, it gave me the idea that you must have seen it or heard about it."

"Oh, dear no," said Frank, and swayed to and fro. "Oh, dear me, no."

Marian looked up.

"And Nancy? You never met or heard of a girl like that?"

An ugly frown gathered on Frank's brow.

"No," he answered. "Surely, Marian, you know I have not."

"Yes? Oh, it's nothing. I was only wondering if you had heard of her when you were in Ireland. You see, Frank, you have never been quite open with me about that time."

A flush rose to Frank's cheek; his eyes took a sudden glitter.

"My dear, I have been quite open," he said. "How often am I to repeat it? Really, Marian, these suspicions. . . ."

And just then, mercifully it might seem, some one knocked at the study door.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK crossed to the door, pulled it open; and at once his face brightened.

"Hello, Rab." The welcome in his voice was strangely blended with relief. "It's you, is it? Well, you are a fellow. Standing there knocking as though you were a beggar. Oh, come in," cried Frank, with a laugh, and plucked at the visitor's sleeve; "come in with you."

There entered a tall, angular man, wrapped in a loose cloak, a muffler round his neck and a tweed hat in his hand. Slowly, awkwardly he came to the fire; shook hands with Marian and spoke a conventional word or two in response to her greeting; then turned and stood blinking at the lamp. He seemed shy. His face was solemn, impassive. His shoulders drooped; his arms hung limp.

"Pon my word," Frank kept on as he closed the door; "this is a pretty way to treat your friends. To come sneaking up the stairs, and stand gently rapping at our chamber door. A pretty way, indeed! Eh, Marian, what do you think of him?"

Marian's face was still grave. At sight of Frank's dancing eyes she smiled, but said nothing.

"Well, you old raven." Frank laid his hands on Rab's shoulders and swayed him to and fro. "How's the world using you? Lord! but you look solemn. Man, you're as pinched and cold looking as charity itself. Here, off with your duds." Frank flung Rab's hat upon the table, pitched his muffler into a corner, pulled off his cloak and hung it over a picture; then wheeled a chair before the fire and dropped a cushion upon its seat. "Now," said he, breaking into hideous mimicry of a Scotch dialect, "doon ye sit, ma sonny. An' mak yoursel comfortable; an' stretch your lang legs; an' ha' your wee bit smoke; an' what'll ye hae, ma braw son o' a Hielan lardie?"

Laughing noisily, Frank turned to the cupboard for glass and decanter; smiling to herself, as much at the shy seriousness that lay upon Rab's face as at Frank's hilarity, Marian crossed the room for her work-basket; slowly, awkwardly, Rab sat down. Seen without cloak and muffler he looked leaner and more angular than ever. His knees jutted sharp; his shoulder-blades bulged beneath his brown jacket; as he fumbled for tobacco, his elbow threw into clear relief the bare patches on the velvet. His jaw was lank; his wrists and hands big and bony. For all that he made a striking figure. He had a fine head; large, well-shaped, admirably poised. His hair was iron-gray, thick, and wavy; his face was rugged and powerful, with a great brow, large nose, and high cheek-bones. His lips were firm; his eyes deep set, and in them a fine look of wisdom and stanchness, a calm light of tenderness and goodness of heart; withal, an expression that seemed to tell of suffering, perhaps, or mystery, or shrinking from a dread. Shrinking? Yes; that is the word. It fits the man; his manner, his look, his great reticence.

Rab filled his pipe and lit it; sipped from the tumbler that Frank had set on the mantel-shelf, and, stretching his feet toward the fire, writhed himself comfortably into his chair. Already the warmth had reached his

bones; on his cheek lay a shallow flush; slowly he turned and looked at Marian, sitting back by her work-basket, and at Frank standing by the lamp trying to cajole a piece of string down the stem of his pipe.

"Ay," he said softly to himself; then smiled, rubbed his hands together, and turned once more to his contemplation of the fire.

Presently Frank pulled up a chair, cocked his feet upon the mantelpiece, and through a cloud of smoke began to talk. He was very lively, was Frank; full of spirits, ideas. His tongue galloped; his laugh rang merry. Sometimes he slapped his knee; now leaned over to shake Rab by the collar; now brought down his feet with a clatter and turned to flash a joke at Marian, sitting back over her needlework. He talked of politics, lightly, sneeringly; of his neighbors, scathingly, superciliously; of his friends, particularly his literary friends, with critical freedom; of books, editors, reviews, with a light play of glib knowledge; of his own book, with a scoffing note of devil-me-care. The critics, indeed; oh, confound their ignorance. The public, indeed; oh, a plague on its shallowness. Popularity, forsooth; oh, that be hanged. What of success, when success meant pandering to the Philistines; what of fame with its gilded trumpet; to the deuce with popularity, so be it that the few who knew were constant. And Frank slapped his leg again; and Marian smiled over her needle; and Rab grunted as he filled a fresh pipe, nor said a word.

But seldom indeed had Rab a word ready; with Frank on the floor seldom was a word necessary. He liked to hear the chatter, the laughter; his pipe went soothingly; the fire was comforting, the whisky grateful; he felt happy, did Rab, well at his ease; what more might mortal want? Frank meant well and hurt little. He liked the boy, his gabble and gaiety, his open heart and hand. He had hopes of him, with time, experience, wisdom. He was glad to see him so happy in his home. It was good to see Frank flashing round to his wife; that smile of Marian's pleased him vastly. They were a well-matched

pair, God bless them! Might he never see care darken their faces. And might they always have room for battered old Rab, a light for his pipe, a word and a smile, a chair by the fire. Theirs was his one place of refuge, his one haven from the troubled waters of journalistic drudgery; might the gods of their hearth be ever watchful and kindly. Ay, ay, thought Rab; ay, ay.

So Frank chattered and Rab pondered; and Marian, bending over her needle, gave ear and thought to them both. She liked to see them together, to hear them talk; always she was quite content to give them her silent companionship. She was not clever, she felt; she was but a woman, with a woman's range and outlook; admiration and sympathy were all that she could give, but willingly she gave her all and was satisfied. She liked Rab. She wished, sometimes, he would come oftener. He did Frank good; steadied, controlled him. Often had she wondered at their friendship. They were so utterly unlike. Rab was so silent, grave; time and again had she known him say fewer words through an evening than flowed from Frank inside five minutes. Never had she seen him animated; rarely other than shy and soberly reserved. What was the secret of his influence? And what the secret of himself? He was so mysterious in his ways; sometimes he looked haunted. And never would he either hint or speak. Often Frank twitted him with a love affair, an uneasy conscience; and always Rab smiled, sent up a cloud of smoke, and let his tongue lie dumb. He was a complete mystery. No one knew where he lived; not even Frank, his one and long-time friend. No one knew how he took his leisure. He never spoke of himself, his friends or relatives, his work or ambitions. Why was it, thought Marian, and round the lamp-shade glanced at his great head and sprawling hands. Ah, why indeed, she thought; and knew that a better answer she might not have. Perhaps it was as well, she added. Why trouble? Nothing could alter him in their eyes. He was just Rab; might he be always just Rab.

How very lively Frank was. Seldom had she seen him quite like that. All life he was and gay foolishness. Was it quite natural? Only a little while ago he had been quite different. Had Rab not come just when he did there might have been a scene. She had seen Frank look like that before. Ah, yes. Was it her fault or his? Hers, she feared. She was hard with the dear fellow; she got cold at times, obstinate. Her heart seemed to get frozen. Absurd things, wicked things, came to her mind now and then; and instead of driving them away she harbored them. Oh, she must guard herself. Still, she had said nothing that night to make Frank angry. Only a question or two about the characters in his story. Were they real? she had asked. Had he met people like them—like Nancy, for instance—when he was in Ireland? Surely there was no harm in saying that? Why had Frank grown irritable? Was there anything he had not told her? Hark! Was that the boy? Hastily Marian rose; turned, and there in the doorway stood her old father and mother.

"Why, dad!" cried she. "And mother! You old dears, to come like this." She crossed and kissed them. Rab rose. Frank came bustling over. At once the room was filled with chatter, greetings, laughter; soon fell quiet again as the door closed upon Marian and her mother and the three men were left to themselves.

Knowing and dreading the untidy ways which usually ran in the study, old Dent had left overcoat and hat in the hall; and now stood between Frank and Rab, warming his hands at the fire. He was a man of about sixty-five, short and somewhat portly, wearing a braided frock-coat, gray trousers, and an old-time fancy waistcoat. He stood very erect, coat tightly buttoned, black tie neatly adjusted, studs trim and flashing, his feet turned outward at an elegant angle. Not one of his white hairs was awry; his whiskers were perfection; the parting that ran from nape to crown was mathematical in its correctness. He had a large nose, a receding forehead, scanty eyebrows; a face on which benevo-

lence, good health, respectability, had writ their tokens large. From top to toe he looked the pink of cleanliness, decency; a fine specimen of your average middle-class Englishman, insular, it might be, and not intellectually endowed, yet standing upright in his square-toed shoes.

For a while he stood warming his hands and uttering this truism and that, about the weather, the stalest politics, the latest news; then turned, tucked hands under coat-tails, and swayed forward on his toes.

"Well, Frank, my boy," said he, and strove to hide the twinkle in his eyes, "what's your opinion, now, of things in general?"

Frank had been confidently awaiting that. It was the dad's great joke; one that had seen service on a thousand hearth-rugs.

He laughed, winked across at Rab; answered the dad, as always in the like case he had answered, by offering him pipe and tobacco.

"Smoke, dad," said he. "Do now. Come, be sociable."

The dad chuckled and looked slyly at Frank.

"Ah, you rascal," said he, and repeated himself for the thousandth time. "You murderin' villain; an' is it carried home on a stretcher you'd have me?" He turned to Rab and began fumbling in his tail pocket. "You know, Mr. Lindsay," he went on, with that air of jauntiness which, in his moments of humor, he usually affected, "these young rascals of Irishmen want careful watching. Oh, they're murderin' thieves. But I know them; I'm awake to their tricks," said he, and drew forth, first a small packet of tobacco neatly folded in brown paper; then a piece of tissue paper carefully doubled into squares; lastly, a pair of scissors in a case and a box of matches. Slowly he turned about; with precision arranged his treasures on the mantel-shelf; then with the scissors began fashioning a cigarette paper. Rab stood peering down at him, striving hard to keep back laughter. Frank stood biting his pipe-stem and trying to catch Rab's eye.

"There," said the dad, and spread his square of paper on the match-box. "There," said he again, and upon the paper laid a narrow line of tobacco. "Now," said he, and fell to rolling the cigarette between his fingers. "Dash!" said he, as his fingers slipped. "Dim!" said he, as the tobacco spun out at each end, leaving a lump in the middle. "Ah!" he exclaimed, and cautiously ran his tongue along the edge of the paper; and, "There!" cried he, when at last his cigarette was achieved and lay ragged and shapeless upon the mantel-shelf. Smiling grimly Rab turned away; Frank laughed out and smote old Dent on the back.

"Good, old dad," cried he. "Splendid, my boy."

"Ah, yes," said the dad. "I know you, Frank, you rascal; I know you." Carefully he struck a match, lit his cigarette; then, puffing at it with quick, short puffs, as though he were afraid of it, turned once more and faced the room.

Presently he fell a-talking, of this trifle and of that, of his own little affairs and of those that stirred the dust in the little world around him. He spoke pompously, using big words and mispronouncing them not infrequently. Sometimes he would fain be humorous; now he was jauntily frivolous; always he was shallow, aggressively obvious. Within ten minutes he had affirmed that free-trade was ruining England, that popular education was a mistake, that coals were absurdly dear, and that baldness was hereditary in the Dent family. His opinions were antiquated. He believed in the past, the good old days of his youth, the time when apples were six a penny, and Dulwich was a Garden of Eden, and boys were boys, and girls girls, and neither spoiled by the board schools. Mentally he had not budged for forty years; in knowledge and experience he was a young man grown old, a fossil embedded in the dear hills of long ago. In literature he admired Dickens, Shakespeare (whom he never read), and the evening paper. In art he was fond of battle-pieces, studies in the pathetic, color broad and garish. Give him music

that set his heels drumming, ballads that wailed and sniveled, and he was happy. He was easily pleased; fond of his home; unselfish, good-tempered; and for the rest, spoke never an evil word of any one. In all his life, by word or deed, he had never wronged a soul. His record was clean before God and man. Yet in face of these benevolences, perhaps indeed because of them, there at sixty-five stood Richard Dent, still at the foot of the ladder, his face turned hopefully upward, ever striving, ever failing, doomed for aye to see others climbing and himself left trampling the dust, a commercial drudge, a stranded, gray-headed junior. How well it is that God in his mercy leaves to men their hopes and their delusions.

So, for a while, the dad, with his back to the fire, stood airing the trifles of his wisdom; at last stepped from the hearth-rug and, much to Frank's amusement, if quite in happening with his expectation, began tidying the room. "Dear, dear," he murmured, and set the chairs, exactly square and to an inch equally divided, along the walls. "What children," said he, and cleared the floor of its litter; "what careless children." "Tut-tut," he repeated over and over as he stood striving for order in the chaos of Marian's work-basket. "Dim!" cried he as a needle-point found his finger. "Bust!" he muttered and knelt rubbing his crown, still sore from its contact with the edge of the table. And he fussed and fidgeted, and dusted, and tidied, and rubbed his nose, and scratched his ear, and lit and relit his cigarette, and creaked about on his toes, and muttered and mumbled; and back on the hearth-rug, Frank Barry, with that observant eye of his ever on the swoop, stood laughing and nudging Rab, in his mind's eye beholding the dad parade as one Mr. Roy through the pages of a certain novel that some day was to be; and Rab Lindsay, his elbow on the mantel-shelf and his cheek in his hand, stood gravely following the old man through that campaign with disorder. And seeing him, Frank's eyes were laughingly scornful; but in Rab's shone a light of grave tenderness.

Then back swung the door; in came Marian, and with her the boy Frank, perched high, like the little conqueror he was, in his grandmother's arms. Mercy, the babblement that uprose; the worship that began at the shrine of that pink-robed atomy. A dead now availed all the dad's campaign; in five minutes was scattered ruthlessly all the order of his hands. Chairs were pulled out, tables shifted. Down sat the sweet-faced granny, ringlets dancing, eyes shining, her withered hands nestling tenderly in the child's warm softness, her tongue running ceaselessly, her lips dropping honey, adoration, caresses. Such a darling it was. Oh, the sweet. Let the dad look. Oh, the pride of her life. Ah, but Frank should be proud. Let Frank look, let everybody look and listen. And everybody did look, listen, admire. Here was Marian, a world of love shining in her eyes, an eternity of content on her face. Here was the dad, down on his knees, cigarette flung to glory, hair ruffled, neck-tie crooked, cheeks puffed out, head wagging solemnly, his face puckered into the foolishlest of grimaces. Here was Frank, his breast big with the glory of fatherhood, clapping his hands, booing, capering, striving his hardest for the reward of a smile from his solemn-eyed hopeful. Here was Rab— But no! Surely that melancholy jester, now blaring fanfares on a tin trumpet, now beating a tattoo with a paper-knife on the table, surely that is not Rab Lindsay? Well, well, one says and gasps; well, well!

But even infantile patience may be tried unduly (the saying is worthy of the dad), and babes, like kings, have a surfeit of adoration; and at last young Frank clenched his fists and bawled scorn in the teeth of his admirers. Such consternation; such a rout! Back fell Frank and Rab to their places by the hearth-rug; up went the sound of womanly solace; stiffly the dad rose, dusted his knees, stepped to a shelf, and taking down a volume of Macaulay's "England" began to read.

For a while young Frank had the room to himself; then suddenly fell quiet and took to playing with his toes. The women

bobbed heads; soon were deep in the mysteries of teething. Frank and Rab found food for talk in this literary doing and in that. Patiently the dad plodded through a page of Macaulay; then closed the book on his thumb, set a chair in its right place, and came to the fire. His face was pulled solemn; in deep thought he stood for a moment, looking at his boots.

"Yes," said he, "it's magnificent." He sighed, rubbed his nose, looked up. "You know, Mr. Lindsay," he went on, "one of the greatest regrets I have is that I can't find leisure to peruse my books. Quite a lot of them I have—haven't I, Frank?—quite a number of really excellent books; and yet, I assure you, there they stand, day after day, week after week, positively unopened. You see," said the dad, with a wave of his hand, "I have such a lot to do. Some most important transactions, some most confidential papers receive my consideration. All day long," said the dad, swelling importantly, "it is Mr. Dent here and Mr. Dent there, till positively I don't know sometimes whether I'm on my head or my heels. Then I have large. . ."

Frank set his back against the mantelpiece and smiled scornfully. The dad was always the same. A hundred times he had seen him stand just so, legs apart, shoulders thrown back; stand endeavoring to impress people with a sense of his great commercial value and importance: now here he stood again, for the hundred and first time, just as solemnly important and impracticable, just as childishly eager as ever in his great game of make-believe.

"So you see," the dad kept on, "what with one thing and another, really my time is fully occupied. And when I get home there's this, that, and the other to be done, odd jobs here, and odd jobs there—"

"Yes, dad," interrupted Frank with a laugh; "we know all about it. Odd jobs of cleaning your watch-chain, inking your umbrella, dusting the furniture, and so on. Oh, we know all about it."

The dad laughed softly; stroked his whiskers; poked Frank in the ribs, and called him a rascal.

"Well, well," said he; "well, well. At all events, you can see, Mr. Lindsay, that my time for reading is infinitesimal. Now and then I take down a volume and read a page or two; but it's only a page, only a page. Something calls me away; or I fall asleep; or my eyes get tired and—there you are, you see, there you are." Thoughtfully the dad looked at the fire for a while; then stepped to the bookcase, stood Macaulay's "England" in its place, and coming back drew out a pocket-comb and began combing his whiskers. "However, it won't always be so," he continued; "there's a good time coming. Some day or another I'll have plenty of leisure. They won't always be wanting me at the office. No. Not always. And then——"

The dad paused; set his lips; stood as if gazing out across the backs of the years into the glorious depths of that good time. Frank stood smiling at the lamp. Rab shifted his elbow from the mantelpiece and straightened his back.

"Yes, Mr. Dent," said he. "And then?"

"Then," said the dad, "why, then I'll start and peruse all my books right through. All of them. Right through. I'll not miss a word. Not one. I'll have all day long. When I'm tired of gardening, and the odd jobs are done, then I'll sit down beneath the pear tree. . ."

Frank pulled out his pipe. Oh, dad, dad, thought he; you poor old dreamer. Some day, always some day; always a good time coming; always deluding yourself and putting off, putting off. So it had ever been; so it would ever be.

"Ah, yes, dad," said he; "some day you'll have time enough. Only a few years more and that great leisure time will come surely. It's bound to come."

The dad turned uneasily; but Rab caught him by the arm.

"Don't," said Rab. "Don't mind, Mr. Dent. I quite agree with you. Keep on thinking as you do. Never mind the books, just now. They're little good, believe me. But when the time comes—well," said Rab with a smile, "you'll let me come, won't you, and join you under the pear tree?"

You'll let me sit in the garden, won't you, and read all day long?"

"Why, of course," answered the dad; "why, certainly, Mr. Lindsay."

"Right. And, man, won't we have times, great times!"

Rab paused, stood blinking down at the fire. The dad looked curiously at him; essayed to speak; shifted his feet and dropped his eyes. Frank laughed, softly and ironically; then, for the second time that night, left the hearth-rug and crossed to answer a knock at the study door.

CHAPTER III.

It was Polly, the house-servant, with word for Mr. Frank that a woman was waiting in the dining-room to see him. She had just come; had walked in unasked, saying that Mr. Barry knew her.

Frank stepped out upon the landing and pulled the door close behind him.

"Didn't she give her name, Polly?" he asked. "Don't you know her? What does she want, then?"

Polly couldn't say; had not asked; thought that perhaps the woman had come on business.

Frank considered.

"You're sure it isn't Mrs. Barry she wants?" he asked. "No. Then tell her, please——" He paused. "No. Tell her I'll be down in a moment, Polly." Frank opened the study door. "Some one to see me down-stairs, my dear," he said to Marian. "Don't know who it is; but I'll tell you presently. Excuse me, everybody," he went on with a wave of his hand. "I'll not be long."

Frank closed the study door; went along the passage and down the stairs. Who is it? he kept wondering. Somehow he felt nervous, apprehensive. Beneath the hall lamp he stopped and pulled out his watch. Past nine o'clock; nearly supper-time. A woman; a nameless woman? Slowly he walked to the dining-room door; there stopped again, with his hand on the knob; then quickly turned the handle and went in.

The gas was turned high; the table laid for supper. Facing the door a small fire

burned brightly; and by it, on the edge of a chair, sat a woman in a black bonnet and shawl. Frank crossed; the woman turned; Frank stopped. It was Sarah Butler.

There came to Frank Barry, as he stood there dumfounded between the table and the sideboard, a vivid memory of something he had seen nearly three years before—a cottage wall, a window below the thatch, a face above the sill, a sneering face set round with a frilled night-cap; and with the memory came to him also a numb feeling of dismay. Sarah Butler? Nan's mother? Why had she come? He plucked at his collar-band; moved a step; halted, and stood looking at the fire. Sarah rosé.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Barry," said she. "I hope I'm seein' ye well?"

It was the old voice, the old shrill voice; and to Frank's ears it came like an echo from the buried past. He turned; quickly put out his hand, as quickly withdrew it, and laid it on the back of a chair.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Butler," he answered. "Good-evening." He paused; rubbed his hand backward and forward along the chair-back; looked round. "Won't you sit down?" said he.

Behind her hand Sarah coughed; drew out a rag of a pocket-handkerchief, wiped her lips, and once more seated herself on the edge of a chair. Her eyes shifted quickly here and there; presently fixed themselves on Frank's face.

"Ye didn't expect to see——" Sarah stopped; wiped her lips. "It'll be hard weather, I'm thinkin', for the time o' year," said she.

"Yes," answered Frank. He turned a chair; sat down, set his elbow on the table and his cheek on his hand. "Yes," he said; "yes, indeed."

Sarah coughed again; ran a finger between chin and bonnet-string; shifted back an inch in her chair.

"Ye didn't expect to see me here, Mr. Barry," she ventured, part asserting, part questioning. Frank looked at her.

"No," he said. "Frankly, I did not."

"Ay. Just so. It'll be a good while since we seen other last, Mr. Barry," Sarah

went on after a pause. Frank nodded. "A long time it is; three years a'most. Ay, nearly three years." Sarah sighed. "An' sure a power can happen in three years; ay, a power."

Still Frank sat silent. Why had she come? he kept thinking. How did she find out? He turned his eyes; met Sarah's full; hastily looked away.

"Yes. Oh, yes. How—how's John, Mrs. Butler?"

"John? Aw, John's the best, so he is—what's left of him. An' I'm rightly meself, Mr. Barry," Sarah volunteered. "An'—yis, Nan's as well as ye could expect, so she is; jist as well."

Frank reddened; dived for the poker, and began stirring the fire. Might the devil take the woman, he thought.

"Naw, we can't complain, any of us," Sarah kept on, "as far as the health goes. That stands us rightly, thank God; rightly. But for the rest—" Sarah shook her head. "Aw, sure London's an ojus cruel place on the poor—ojus cruel—ojus cruel."

Frank laid down the poker; leaned back in his chair and fell to twisting his watch-chain round a finger. He was recovering his balance, he felt; losing that strange feeling of dismay.

"Yes? I agree with you, Mrs. Butler. And how long have you been in London?" he asked without raising his eyes.

"Six months," was Sarah's quick response; "six whole months come a fortnight on Wednesday. We left Inishrath the week after Hollentide; an' now here we are in—dear Lord, dear Lord!" Sarah moaned and clapped her hands on her knees; "the time it is! Six whole months. An' it only like yisterday—only like yisterday. Sure I mind it as well as well. I can see it all as plain as plain. I mind ivery stone in the wall; ivery rut in the lane; ivery—Aw, an' there's the neighbors gathered to bid us good-by; cryin', the cratures, an' shoutin', an' crowdin' to grip the hands of us. An' there's ourselves—John, an' meself, an' Nan—an' there's the ould house, the ould hill, the ould hedges an' ditches; an' we're goin', goin', goin' G—Apr.

foriver, an' sure—Aw, sure, I thought me heart'd burst that day."

There were tears in Sarah's eyes, tears in her voice; but a pitiable figure she made there in that cosy room, her shoulders drooping, her withered face turned to the fire, her battered hands spread on her knees. And there sat Frank, dubiously eying her, pitying her a little, disliking her a great deal, fearing her most of all.

"But what am I talkin' about?" Sarah went on, and drew her hand across her eyes. "Sure, it's blatherin' I am; an' 'tisn't to you, Mr. Barry, I'd be sayin' such things. Sure it's nothin' to you. Nothin' at all."

Frank leaned toward her.

"But it is something to me, Mrs. Butler," he said. "Surely you can't think I have forgotten my old Inishrath friends?" Sarah turned and looked at him, looked straight and searchingly. "Tell me more," Frank continued. "How did it come that you had to leave Inishrath?"

"Eh?" said Sarah. "What? Ye niver heard? Ould Hugh didn't tell ye?"

"No," answered Frank. "I never heard a word. Tell me how it was, Mrs. Butler."

Sarah looked at the fire; for a moment sat wiping her lips; then loosened her shawl and flung it back from her throat.

"Aw, yis," said she with a cheerless laugh. "How it was, indeed. Sure that's not hard to tell ye. Flung out we were, pitched out, neck and crop, the dure slammed in our back an' to glory wi' us. That's how it was, Mr. Barry. That's how they treated us—may the devil burn their bones! That's how they treated John after his fifty years o' slavery, an' him hardly done moanin' over his ould father's grave. Landlords—gentlemen—Christians! The devils—aw, the devils!"

Sarah paused. Her hands were clenched, on her face was a wolfish fierceness. No need had Frank to question her further. The inevitable had come. Nemesis had overtaken John in the midst of his foolishness.

"So old John's dead," he said in a while. "Paid the penalty at last?"

"Ay, he's dead. God help him!" answered Sarah. "An' well for him it is; well for him. God knows I envy him at times. If it wasn't for Nan an' John; if it wasn't for them I'd—I'd—" Sarah stopped and set her lips. "But no matter," she said; "no matter."

Frank peered across at Sarah. Evidently things were not going well with her. She had changed wofully. This was not the old Sarah, thought Frank Barry, the fresh, decent woman who, three years before, he had seen sitting mistress and tyrant by the Inishrath hearthstone. In every way she was changed, and for the worse. Her old-time manner of shrewish independence, of outspoken acerbity had gone; now she was obsequious, was furtive and hesitating. Moreover, she looked worn, shabby. Her shawl was rusty; grown old, you might say, in the service of the pawnshop. Her bonnet, a dingy thing of faded crape and stringy ribbons, might have been picked from a barrow in Lambeth Walk. Her dress was bedraggled and mud-splattered. She looked, Frank thought, like any other of the weary drudges who wear out miserable lives in the Walworth slums. She had put off the country, its decency and rude health, and taken on the town, its sordidness and ill-favor. London had gripped her with its grimy clutch. Its trail was over her. She had joined the ranks of the great submerged. And all within six months! And what of John, big, useless John? And what of Nan, sweet, simple Nan? Quickly Frank turned again to Sarah.

"And so," he said, "so you left Ireland and came to London?"

"Ay. We did."

"And you like it, Mrs. Butler?"

Sarah turned.

"Like it? Like London?" Sarah paused; looked at the fire. "Well," she went on, "I dunno. I do, an' I don't; I don't, an' I do. If one had enough to ate, an' drink, an'—an'— No matter about that. Aw, it's a quare place is London, a powerful strange place. It killed me a'most, the first week of it. I thought the heart'd

break in me for thinkin' of the ould days—the ould days. Aw, 'twas ojus at first. But sure one got used to it after a while. Ay. An' now— Well, sometimes I want to get away, to get back; an' other times I don't; an' times I think that mebbe it's all for the best. An' sure what's the use o' groanin'? Isn't it all the same? Wasn't it the poorhouse yonder; an' isn't it that here, or as bad; an' isn't it only a few more years o' strugglin' anyway? Aw, yis." Sarah sighed; shook her head. "Aw, yis, indeed."

There fell a little while of silence, with Frank looking thoughtfully at his hands and Sarah pondering the fire; then said Frank:

"And John, how is he, Mrs. Butler? How does he like London?"

"Aw, John. John? Sure he's well enough. Yis." Sarah straightened her back; plucked at her shawl and turned to Frank. "'Twas about him I came to ye, Mr. Barry, to see if ye could do anything. He's—he's—och, he's unfortunate. It's God's pity of him. He's tramped his feet off to get work; he's done iverything—iverything; an' it's all no use. He got a job one time—an' lost it. He was promised another—an' niver got it. Some say he's too ould; others, that he's no character; the rest give out that they don't want Irishmen, an' don't want this an' don't want that. He's willin' enough—och, he is; but sure that's no good, no good at all. He doesn't get a day's work in a week; he hasn't earnt what'd pay the rent all the winter. An' it's hard on us, so it is. Nan does her best. An' I do what I can at the charin'. But sure—aw, it's not enough, not near enough. An' it's at work John ought to be—hard at work all day long. He's bein' tempted. There's the drink, an' there's the clubs, an' there's—aw, no matter, no matter. Sure ye can guess how it is, Mr. Barry," said Sarah; "ye can guess how it is."

"Yes," answered Frank with a nod. "I can guess quite well."

"So," Sarah went on in that mournful, sighing tone which now seemed habitual

with her, "when John found out where ye were livin'—"

Frank raised a hand.

"One moment, Mrs. Butler," said he. "But would you just mind telling me how John did find out?"

"Aw, *that*. Sure I forgot. Why, didn't he come across a paper in the—in a place he goes to, wi' a letter o' yours in it about some book or another? An' he reads it, an' sees your name an' address, an'—"

"Thank you." Frank sank back in his chair. "I understand."

"Well, when John sees that, home he comes an' tells me an' Nan, an' swears he'll go an' see ye, an' talks an' talks. Aw, ye know John. An' Nan says he mustn't go; an' I'm not over keen on it; but John talks an' talks, an' at last he persuades me to come meself an' have a word wi' ye—"

Again Frank raised his hand.

"Easy, Mrs. Butler, easy. What's this about John having to persuade you? And why, in any case, did not John come himself, or come with you?"

Slowly Sarah turned away her face; slowly made answer.

"Aw, I was loth to come," said she, "because—it was Nan," said Sarah. "It was Nan. An' John couldn't come because—because his clothes—"

Hurriedly Frank stooped.

"Yes, yes. I know. Well," said Frank, as he stirred the fire, "tell me the rest."

"It's nothin'," said Sarah. "It's just this. Says John to me: 'Away wi' ye, Sarah, to Mr. Frank,' says he, 'an' tell him about things; an' ax him if he could do a poor divil a good turn,' says he; 'an' ax him if he knows any one that'd give me an odd job.' Mr. Frank," said Sarah, turning in her chair, "och, d'ye think ye know any one?"

For a while Frank sat pondering; then looked at Sarah and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," said he.

"Aw," sighed Sarah.

"You see," Frank went on, "I know so few people, and I don't know one, not one, who would be likely to help John. I wish to heaven I did. I'd do anything to help

my old friend; but—" again Frank shook his head.

"Aw, yis," sighed Sarah. "Aw, yis."

"But perhaps there's something else I could do, Mrs. Butler. Is there, do you think? Did John suggest anything else?"

"Aw, he did," sighed Sarah. "He did. He said that mebbe you'd write a letter for him—say a word for him—give him a bit of a character."

"Write!" cried Frank. "I'll write a score. Poor old John! Tell him, Mrs. Butler, how much I feel for him, and how sorry I am that I can't do more. But tell him, please, that what I can I'll do, and do it willingly. You'll tell him that, won't you?"

"Aw, I will—I will."

"Ask him to come and see me. Say I'm at home nearly always. Tell him—could I do anything else?" said Frank, and fell to rattling the silver in his pocket.

The blood flushed along the hardness of Sarah's wrinkles.

"We're obliged to ye, Mr. Barry," said she. "But it wasn't for that I'd be comin' to ye."

"No?" said Frank. "Well, is there anything else, then? Oh, yes; there's that letter. Tell John I'll write to him at once. But stay." Frank pulled out his pocket-book. "I haven't your address. What shall I put down, Mrs. Butler?"

Sarah hesitated; haltingly gave an address in East Street, Walworth. Frank's brows went up.

"Oh," said he. "*There!*" And at the word Sarah rose.

"Yes, Mr. Barry," said she. Her voice had the old Inishrath ring. "It's there. I'm thinkin' it's not to see John Butler you'll be comin' now, God help him. Aw, no." Frank began a stammering apology. "Aw, ye needn't," Sarah kept on, with a motion of her hand. "Ye needn't bother. I know all about it." She ran her eye over the supper-table. "It's the way o' the world that some people get more than they deserve and others less; but, thank God, it takes a power to kill the pride in the worst of us. Ay, it does. That's always left to

us even if it's to pigsties we come." She moved toward the door, going erect and stiffly; all at once turned. "Tell me, Mr. Barry," she asked, her eyes hard and glittering, "is it married you'll be?"

Frank flinched. "Ah," thought he, "it has come at last!" Steadily he looked at Sarah.

"Why do you ask, Mrs. Butler?"

"Because—d'ye mind what happened three years ago?"

"Yes."

"Then ye know why I asked. Are ye?"

The word yes was on Frank's tongue; when, in a flash, came thought of Marian. Suppose the woman made a scene, brought Marian down, in her ruthlessness told everything? He hooked his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets; cocked his head; smilingly looked Sarah in the eyes.

"Tell me," said he. "Do I look like a married man?"

Narrowly Sarah eyed him.

"No," she answered. "Ye don't."

"I look much the same as I did three years ago, don't I, Mrs. Butler?"

"Ay. About that."

"Then we'll let that stand for an answer," said Frank Barry, and turning to the sideboard took out a wine bottle and two glasses. "And now we'll drink each other's health in good old Irish fashion." He filled the glasses, gave one to Sarah, and raised the other. "Here's your health, Mrs. Butler," said he, "and the health of all your care. Good luck to you!"

Sarah's face softened; a smile crept along her lips.

"I'm obliged to ye, Mr. Barry," said she. "An' the same to you." Slowly she raised her glass; drained it in a mouthful; sighed and gathered her shawl about her throat. "Aw, that's warmin'," said she, and followed Frank into the hall. On the steps she turned and held out her hand. "Good-night to ye, Mr. Barry, an' ye'll not be thinkin' too hard o' what I said to ye? I've a proud strain in me, an' I'm easily vexed, an'—"

"Oh, that's all right." Frank laughed and took Sarah's hand. "Good-night to you, Mrs. Butler; and tell John I'll write

that letter to-morrow, and one of these days I'll hope to see him. Remember me very kindly to him, won't you?"

"Aw, I will, Mr. Barry." Sarah turned away. "I will. Good-night to ye."

"Good-night, Mrs. Butler."

CHAPTER IV.

"FRANK."

"Yes . . . Yes, dear."

"I wish you'd tell me more about that poor woman, that Mrs. Malarky. Somehow I can't help thinking of her."

Frank Barry lowered his newspaper, and across the breakfast-table glanced at his wife. He had been waiting, with a measure of confidence, for her to say something like that. He had not hoped that the account of Sarah Butler (under the name of Mrs. Malarky) and of her visit, which, the night before, he had given at supper-time would entirely satisfy Marian. The account had been clever, vivid; accurately he had described Sarah, her forlornness and deterioration; in a few words had dismissed Inishrath, in a great many given Sarah's story of her experiences in London; fully, brilliantly he had told all he thought fit to tell, not once faltering or lying, not once saying a word that might awake suspicion in Marian's mind. Yet, all the time of the telling, and afterward as he sat smoking with Rab, and again as he lay staring at the ceiling, suspicion told him that, despite all his care and cleverness, he had not made the story satisfying for Marian. He felt sure he had not. She was so hard to satisfy; so little ready to take his word at a gulp and have done with it. Always some question, some suspicion wherewith to ply him.

He moved his cup and saucer, shifted to face the fire, noisily turned a sheet of his newspaper.

"More?" said he. "My dear, what more can I tell you? Surely to goodness I told you enough last night. Would you have me invent things?"

Marian lifted young Frank out of his chair, placed him on her knee, and gave him a toy.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, a note of surprise at Frank's petulance sounding in her voice. "I merely wished to hear a little more about her. I thought—oh, it doesn't matter at all."

Frank laid his newspaper across his knees.

"Now, now, Marian," he said sharply. "Please don't talk like that. You know very well it does matter. Come; what is it you want to know?"

"It's nothing, Frank," Marian looked up. "Well, I thought perhaps you had seen more of her than you said while you were in Ireland."

Ah, thought Frank. It was quite what he expected.

"Yes?" said he. "Well, I did see something of the woman—went once or twice to have a talk with James the husband—heard a little now and then about them. You see, they were neighbors of Uncle Hugh's; and life used to be pretty dull. I was glad occasionally to go anywhere for a change. But—well, really, Marian, they have been little in my mind these last three years. I have had other things, and better things, to think about."

Marian began playing with young Frank's curls.

"I know, Frank," she said; "of course I know. It wasn't that. Were they respectable people; really deserving people?"

"Most respectable, Marian; and in their way deserving. They were not faultless, of course. I've told you about that. But, taken altogether, they were as good as the rest—perhaps a little better."

"And you really think they are in a bad way now?"

"Think? I'm sure of it. My dear, if you had but seen the woman three years ago—and seen her last night. Never have I seen a sorrier change in any one. She's ten years older and twenty years worse."

"Poor soul," said Marian; "poor body. Frank, do you think I could help her, give her work, or recommend her anywhere?"

Frank squirmed in his chair.

"No," said he. "I don't think so. Work? Why, what work have you for her,

Marian? Remember she's only a—*a washerwoman.*"

"But I want a woman to do rough work."

"Oh, she wouldn't do at all, Marian." Frank waved his hand emphatically. "I wouldn't have her in the house. I wouldn't wear a shirt she had washed. Pooh!" cried Frank, taking up his paper. "The notion's absurd."

"Yes?" said Marian; then paused for a moment. "But, Frank, surely I could do something? I feel so much for the poor soul. It's so terrible to know she's in such poverty—and her husband wanting work—and the weather so cold. Don't you think, Frank, I might go to see her and take her some little things?"

Frank shot from his chair; twisted round before the fire.

"Go to see her?" He bent his brows.

"Go to see her! Why, good heavens, Marian, what are you thinking of? Go to see a woman like that—a mere charwoman—a washerwoman! But surely, my dear, surely you're not serious?"

"Certainly, Frank. Why not? Is there anything very dreadful in my suggestion? And if she is a washerwoman, or anything else, would you have that influence me in the least?"

"Oh, nonsense, Marian; nonsense." Frank tossed his head. "You know it isn't *that*. Why, think of it; think of you in East Street! Going down there! I won't hear of such a thing; I can't imagine how you came to think of it."

Marian did not answer. She rested her elbow on the table, put her chin in her hand, and sat staring at the pattern on the cosy. Frank glanced at his paper; lowered it and spread a hand.

"Why, you might be insulted, robbed. It's a terrible place. You might bring home the smallpox. The cads would hustle you. And do you think the woman would thank you for surprising her in her poverty? Do you? Answer me, Marian."

"I don't know, Frank."

"Well, I'm sure she wouldn't. Oh, but why talk. I won't have it. Other men may think so little of their wives as to let

them go slumming; but I don't. I won't have it at all. You hear me, Marian."

"Yes, Frank."

There was a pause. Marian sat studying the cosy. Young Frank was cooing, and laughing at his fingers. Again Frank raised his paper; again lowered it.

"I can't think how you came by such a notion, Marian," he went on. "Positively, I can't. Come, Marian; you mustn't treat me in this way. Look up, I say, and answer me."

Marian looked up, with glowing eyes.

"I have nothing to answer, Frank," she said coldly and deliberately. "Or say."

"Oh," said Frank with a shrug. "I see. I tell you what I think is right—and you treat me in this way, with hard looks and bitter answers. I see. Perhaps you'll tell me next that I'm a fool for my pains? Eh? Say it if you like, you know."

Marian sat young Frank on her arm and rose.

"No, Frank," she answered; "I have no wish to say even that. I have no desire to say anything." She moved toward the door; stopped and wheeled round. "What have I done," she cried, "that you should say such things to me? What have I done? If you objected to what I said couldn't you have said so like a gentleman? Oh, it's cruel," cried Marian, turning to the door, "cruel!"

"Like a gentleman," repeated Frank; then dropped his newspaper on the hearth-rug, hastily crossed, and took Marian by the arm. "No, no, Marian," he said. "You mustn't go like that. Come back, my dear. No, no; don't go, I beg of you." Marian stood tapping her foot on the floor. "Come back," Frank pleaded. "Do, Marian. I was a brute. Oh, I don't know what to say. But do forgive me, Marian."

"Forgive you, Frank? Yes. And what's the good of that? Have I not done so before? May I not have to do so again—and again—and again?"

"I know, Marian. But just this time, my dear? Look; I'm truly sorry. Give me another chance, old girl; just another?"

Then Marian turned, her face softening, her eyes misty.

"Of course, Frank," said she; "of course. But tell me, dear, is anything worrying you?"

Frank shook his head.

"No, Marian. Nothing."

"Then why is it you're so irritable this morning, so little yourself?"

Again Frank shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered; then turned and looked down upon a litter of papers that strewn the end of his table. "Yes, I do. There's why. Read those press cuttings and see if they wouldn't make an angel irritable. Look at that manuscript, grown hoary in its vain appeals at editorial doors. Then there's a publisher's letter, a few little bills, a stab here, a prick there—oh, a glorious display," cried Frank in his bitterness, so real in its way, yet just then so utterly false. "And the best of it is that there's every hope of more to follow. Well, well; no matter." He pulled out his pipe. "There's no use worrying; not a bit. It'll be all the same some day," said Frank with a laugh and a toss of his head; "all the same."

"Ah, yes," sighed Marian, "so it will." And there, for the present, so far as Marian was concerned, this matter of the breakfast-table ended.

Frank finished his pipe and his paper; sat a while in the troubled shallows of thought before the fire; then jumped up, gathered his litter from the table, ran upstairs to the study, and sat down to work. But his mood was not kindly that morning. His pen was obdurate. When ideas came, words held aloof; when words came tripping, the idea faded at their feet. Thought seemed frozen. The house was full of clatter; the child cried and fretted; outside a dog kept yelping and a cock crowing. He flung back his chair, fell to pacing up and down, hands writhing behind him, chin on his breast. It was infernal, he kept repeating to himself. He had so much to do; time was pressing hard. He tried again; failed; rose and threw his pen upon the carpet. "Oh, confound the thing!" he

cried. "And confound the woman!" he cried again; and there laid naked the writhing maggot of his discontent. The thing that ailed him was not unkindly moods, or worrying sounds, but just thought of that woman, one Sarah Butler.

Think, thought Frank Barry, stretching a tragic arm toward the book-case, think of the pickle he was in; the past there jogging his elbow, the future staring at him with ominous eyes, himself standing in his own study, a liar and a hypocrite. Yes, a liar. Last night he had lied; an hour ago he had lied; an hour hence he might lie again. Oh, confound the woman! Ah, why had fate dealt so cruelly with him, thus brought the past knocking at his door? He had fancied it dead and buried. He wanted only to be happy with Marian, to make amends for his weakness by caring for her all he could; and now here was something which, did Marian know of it, would, he knew quite well, bring the palace of his happiness crumbling about his ears.

That night of the choosing three years ago; that other night, the last of his Irish holiday; suppose Marian to hear of what had happened then—and then? And suppose Sarah Butler in charge of the story, magnifying, hinting darkly, paying off old scores? What an hour that would be for Sarah, what an hour for Marian! And for himself? Well he knew how Marian would look at things; how hard she would be; how silently she would listen to his explanations, her face remorselessly to the bare facts. But she must not know. The woman was gone; he must keep her away. Somehow or other he must keep the past at the threshold. How? By lying and playing the hypocrite? Ah, he hated himself because of that paltry quibbling.

Think of him sitting there last night, equivocating, striving his hardest to deck truth in the tawdriest tinsel. Think of that scene at the breakfast-table; Marian there, with the child on her knee, speaking (so now he knew) quite simply and out of pure goodness of heart; himself here, with his back to the fire, answering crookedly and brutally. Ah, he hated himself now for

that also. Poor, dear girl! Yet, in God's name, how else could he have answered? He was so afraid. He thought Marian was suspecting him. Oh, confound the woman! Why had he gone down last night to see her? Why had he told Marian anything about her? Why had he not, long ago, as a hundred times he had put it to himself—why had he not, long ago, told everything to Marian? It was not too late now, even now. Suppose he went, there and then, threw himself at Marian's feet, and told her the whole story? She might listen to him, forgive him for the sake of his weakness, if not of himself. After all, he had done nothing dreadful. Only a little foolish and forgetful he had been. Should he tell Marian? Oh, no, no. He dared not. So often had he told her that never once had he done aught of which he was ashamed; over and over had he whispered that she was the one woman of his life and heart. It would be like striking her in the face to tell her about Nan. No; it was too late now; Marian must not know. But, suppose she heard from some one else, from Sarah, for instance? That would be a pretty bolt from the blue. Oh, confound things! And confound the woman!

But why worry? All the fretting in the world would not alter things one tittle. And, really, he was carrying on absurdly; putting everything in its worst light, torturing himself about what might never be. Why should Marian ever hear? Why should his palace ever tumble? Let him calm himself, have a pipe, sit down, and get through that work. And that reminded him; he had yet to write John's letter. Poor old John!

So Frank calmed himself; wrote John's letter; then essayed once more the work of the day. But still his pen stumbled, halted. Phrases were shy; sentences started badly, ran awkwardly, fell lame before long; always was the right word tardy and the wrong obsequious. And constantly his thoughts kept wandering, racing away to the past, or capering among the events of to-day or yesterday. His hand would stop, the ink fade gradually from the page; there

sat Sarah Butler, wiping her lips, loosening the shawl from her throat, slowly rubbing her gnarled hands up and down her knees. An idea was wanted, he looked up; over in the corner stood Marian, the boy in her arms, her face turned to the door. He was chasing a word; slowly it trailed away, and there between him and the paper was Inish-rath, the barren fields running up from the water, the cottage shining through the trees, the green door open, and Nan standing by the threshold; or suddenly night fell, a dog barked, from Nan's garden a dry-lipped man looked up and saw a night-cap bobbing above Nan's window-sill. He flung down his pen, leaned back; presently was standing by a dresser, and Ted's arm was outstretched, and Nan was stepping slowly to his side, and John's face shone in the lamplight. He jumped from his chair, fell to dogging inspiration up and down the room; soon had his face to the floor, and now was romancing to Nan among the heather, now was sitting by her on the thwart and whispering in her ear, now was saying good-by and beholds her sobbing on the pier. Ah, Nan, Nan. See her there, waving her hand and calling good-night. See her now, her white apron flying in the wind, her can in her hand, her eyes turned toward Lismahee pier. And there is the car; there the broad road, leading away, away. Oh, good-by, Nan; good-by, my dear. Now she lifts the can, turns, is gone. Oh, good-by, Nan. . . .

A foot sounded on the landing. Frank Barry stopped, twisted round, and stood watching the door. It opened and in came Marian, a tray in her hand.

"Only a little snack, Frank," said she. "Lunch will be late to-day, and you made such a poor breakfast."

Frank moistened his lips.

"Thank you, Marian. It's—oh, it's very good of you, my dear, to think of me."

"Nonsense, Frank. How have you been getting on this morning?"

"Badly—dreadfully. I can't do anything. I haven't a thought."

"Oh, my poor boy. How is it, Frank?"

"God knows, Marian. I—I can't make myself out at all."

"You're not worrying about those critics, Frank?"

"No, Marian. It's not that—oh, it's not that. It's nothing. Just a fit. I'll get over it."

"Can I help you, Frank? The boy's gone off, and I have plenty of time."

"No, Marian. It's all right, old girl. Don't worry. Oh, it's all right."

Marian turned to go. With hands clasped behind him and head thrust forward, Frank stood watching her. Suddenly he started forward and caught her by the arm.

"Marian."

"Yes, Frank."

"Oh, forgive me, Marian. Forgive me, my dear!"

Marian turned, her face beaming, her eyes shining softly.

"Forgive you, Frank? Ah, you poor old fellow! So that's what is worrying you. Why, of course, Frank. Think of letting *that* interfere with your work. Why, my dear, it's pitying you I've been, since breakfast, instead of blaming you."

Frank dropped his eyes.

"I know, Marian." He paused. "But it's—it's not for that entirely I want you to forgive me. Not for that—entirely."

"Then for what, Frank? Tell me, dear."

It was a golden opportunity; the time ripe, Marian gracious, Frank himself on the crest of a fine surge of emotion. The word was at his lips. But he hesitated; and at that, even as he raised his eyes to Marian's, courage withered and the moment of good impulse sped.

"Oh, for everything, Marian," he cried.

"For everything. I'm so cruel to you sometimes—and I'm selfish—and I'm not worthy of you, Marian." He dropped on his knees, clutching at his wife's skirt.

"Ah, Marian, Marian," he cried again, "do forgive me, dear. Do forgive me."

And Marian, not knowing what he asked, forgave him with tears.

(To be continued.)

COOPERATION IN BUSINESS.

BY C. W. WHITNEY.

HEALTHY prosperity in business does not proceed from spasmodic business conditions, such as speculation and a variety of new money-making enterprises, which are being introduced, because the logic of these is ultimately disappointment, bringing at times stagnation of business and deranging manufacturing and trade at many points. But prosperity rather proceeds from the continuous pursuit by everybody of such vocations as are useful, resulting in an improved condition of trade by yielding to each person engaged in them his share of the profits.

We are coming to the point in this country where all sorts of business, all kinds of labor, will be settled and established, not to be disturbed by speculation or turbulent elements that emigrate into our midst from foreign countries. The public discussion about placing a limit on emigration is quite sure to result in the enactment of laws which will give to our industries and all kinds of labor protection from this disturbing element. The occupancy of government lands on the frontiers has proceeded with such rapidity that no great inducement will be offered to the population in older states to move and colorize, therefore we shall be delivered from radical changes such as New England has experienced by the old population leaving for the West and a new and largely foreign population coming in to take their places. The time will doubtless come when the tariff will be settled by law, not soon to be unsettled again, and when civil law will make it a crime to speculate on breadstuffs, wearing apparel, and in government lands. These questions have all entered into our business life as disturbing elements. Inventors, it would seem, have produced their most ingenious devices in machinery, and in all lines of industry, so that if we do have new inventions introduced we shall be so edu-

cated to expect them and admit them to the manufacturing of the times that we shall be able to adjust ourselves to every change they will make.

Vast wealth in the hands of corporations or of the individual will be met in the same way. It must be invested in buildings and machinery or in some kind of a plant before it can offset business or labor. The world is run by the law of action and reaction. Other vast sums of wealth will be introduced, and thus the equilibrium will be kept up. And the labor of the country is sure to have its share of the profit, because it has the power to prevent capital from infringement upon its rights, and organized as labor is in this country to-day capitalists will find it easy and convenient to consult labor before interfering by radical measures in new ways to control business enterprises in the future.

If you take the total wealth of the country in 1890 as invested in manufacturing enterprises, there was \$6,524,475,305, while the total of wages paid to 4,049,955 employees was \$2,282,823,265, or nearly thirty per cent of the capital. This with a little study will demonstrate to any one that the capital of the country does not make anything like such profit on this investment as the labor of the country makes on its investment of labor, so that by a little reasoning we may be saved from the danger of supposing that the money kings and the great corporations will crush the laboring man and ruin business in the future, which would be a very serious mistake.

Our railroad system is so complete that capitalists cannot find an outlet in building new lines of railroads in the future. Telegraph lines are mainly established. The mines of the country have been mainly discovered and are being worked, and if others are discovered they will be operated very largely on the present plan. There

must be some new upheavals, some marvelous developments in the condition of the country to require any great amount of new capital for business ventures in the near future. We are approaching a condition as a people where we must be satisfied with earning a comfortable living by honest toil, be contented to enjoy what human life really needs. This will be a much-desired achievement in our social condition. To be satisfied with our adjustment to ordinary trade and to receiving ordinary wages will contribute to a calm and settled view of life and business. These are questions which the people have seemingly not learned, but we are soon to be students of this new condition of things.

Some errors confront every beginner and indeed most people who have been engaged in business for a long time. One often indulges in false imaginings. One looks at a manufacturing establishment and becomes impressed by the magnitude of the business, and is thus led to think that his employer is coining money because the business is large and continues apparently to be prosperous, supplies are bought on a large scale and work is turned out in great bulk, and there are evidences of marked success around the establishment. These things should impress workmen that this is the time when they should rejoice with the manufacturer, because a business must either be prosperous or it is meeting with adversity. No great commercial enterprise can be at a standstill any considerable length of time. It must go forward or it will go backward. It is true of every business that it has its ups and downs. A wise man managing an establishment does not explain to anybody how much he is making or losing. It is a rare business that yields a handsome profit for a series of years. Its prosperity is liable to be broken by competition, over-production, unfavorable legislation, or through some other obstacle that is unexpected.

If faith is to be found anywhere it should exist in the man who labors. If his faith is gone part of his stock in trade is destroyed. Believe in your employer's

business, and do not be led into false combinations against an established order of things because you presume you are not receiving your share of the profits. In a great many instances a splendid business has been destroyed and thousands upon thousands of working people thrown out of employment simply through false imagination that they were not getting their share out of the income of the enterprise. One not in position to know the business in all its bearings is not qualified to judge about the profits and how much the employees should receive. Such matters usually regulate themselves.

All sorts of devices will be presented which ultimately create unrest among business people. Cooperation has been a favorite word with some people to describe what they consider a short cut to success — cooperative manufacturing, cooperative storekeeping, cooperative housekeeping, cooperative banking. Agitators present their notions. Walking delegates do the talking, and they are usually impractical people who do not understand the inner workings of a cooperative institution well enough to conduct it to any degree of prosperity. In this country many cooperative institutions have been failures; many others have been a success, but there is no cooperative institution that has had such wonderful triumph in any given direction as to make it appear that cooperation is the best plan for doing business. Nor has cooperation proved so great a failure that it may not in some instances be a wise method for conducting business and achieving success. Experience is worth much in all these matters, because it has demonstrated the folly that any business can be conducted without a wise business head to organize it and give direction to all the movements of the institution. Remember that a company and partnership are both of them on an entirely different plan from cooperation. These are terms, however, that you will study in the general trend of the times and in the particular locality where you reside.

The Altrurian Colony at Santa Rosa, Cal.; the Pacific Company at Portland,

Ore.; the Single Tax Settlement at Baldwin, Ala.; and the Car Builders Plant near Topeka, Kan., with some others, are among the great cooperative enterprises in this country. In England cooperation has met many failures and been given wrong direction, yet it is admitted by students of industrial problems that it has made substantial progress in that country. This encourages the friends of cooperation in the United States to believe that as we approach a settled condition of business in all our institutions it will meet with great success here.

Profit-sharing is another scheme that has been suggested to manufacturers by employees as a proposed method for equalizing the income of a business between the manufacturer and the working people. Institutions conducted on this plan have, as a rule, been mistakes. Quite a number of manufacturers have tried it and have given it up. Mr. Theodore De Vinne, printer of The Century Company, told me that it had been tried thoroughly in their establishment, but it would not work, and therefore it had been abandoned. This method is yet in its infancy and may, after being tried here and there in different parts of the country in a variety of trades and businesses, be found applicable, and from it some encouraging plans may be suggested.

These ideas we mention as methods that are in vogue in some places. They are in the conversation of business people. It is wise, therefore, to study carefully before one makes investment of time or money in experimenting on any plan for cooperation, or profit-sharing, till the plan has been put to the test again and again and shown to be wise, useful, and just to all parties concerned.

A poor man may not make ventures and try experiments where money is a chief factor with the same degree of freedom that a man of means can, and we may safely say that the cost of time and money may be left to those who have both to spare, unless one is idle and shall employ his leisure in devising such plans as will be mere suggestions. I knew a preacher who while engaged in the work of the ministry made a fine telescope. A professor in a college writes a book; a man working at his bench in a manufactory invents a machine. It will be found that out of the manufactories ideas for new inventions come and from among business men new methods for doing business spring. So every kind of business has its growth, and the fruit it yields returns to bless them that were industrious and gave of their toil to enrich the soil of the human mind, and they become partakers of the wealth they created.

THE LIGHTHOUSES OF FRANCE.

BY CHARLES LE GOFFIC.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

IF we are indebted to antiquity for the invention of lighthouses; if Alexandria possessed the first known lighthouse while the Roman Empire with its beacons shining from promontory to promontory illumined the whole Mediterranean; if, finally, it is not certain that our Cordouan is the senior or even the contemporary of the famous lantern of Genoa, still it was certainly France which after the great wars of the Revolution and the empire took the initiative in the new arts of illumination and

their application to the preservation of human life.

It must be taken into account that in 1789 there were in all Europe scarcely twenty lighthouses and some of these were provided only with reflecting lamps. January 1, 1895, France alone, including Algeria and Tunis, had 690 lighthouses. Since 1819 Fresnel has substituted for the ancient parabolic reflectors, lenses increasing by steps; Argand, Quinquet, and Carcel have made ingenious improvements in lamps. The year

1863 saw the first application, at the lighthouse of La Hève, of the dazzling brightness of the voltaic arc. The luminous intensity of the new apparatus, which at first reached 6,000 Carcel burners, passed in 1881 in the lighthouse of Planier to 127,000 burners; soon afterward an intensity of 900,000 burners was reached. This last figure appeared a maximum; it seemed as if it would never be exceeded, when M. Bourdelle sextupled at one stroke, in the lighthouse of La Hève, the power of the focal apparatus.

However, illumination is in many cases only a part of the science of lighthouses. There must be a resisting base for these powerful luminous foci suspended at a height of sometimes 225 or 250 feet. Nothing is easier when the problem is to be solved upon the continent; when it is to be solved on the open sea in high wind and surge, upon reefs a few feet square, it is another matter. To establish absolute solidity in the most unstable element, in perpetual agitation, is the problem then to be solved, and it needs all the resources of modern construction. Success is obtained, but at what a price! It is not necessary to go outside of France to obtain examples of this. We will not consider the Mediterranean lighthouses, built for the most part upon islands of definite extent, for construction here is comparatively easy. On the Atlantic and the English Channel the case is different. But by reason of patience and tenacious faith on the part of our engineers obstacles are overcome.

The place where this devotion and this faith were put to proof as they had never been before was in the construction of the lighthouse of Armen. Armen, Madiou, and Schomeur are three rocks at the farthest limit of the coast of Seins. The currents here have a force of nine knots an hour and in addition there are drift currents. Madiou and Schomeur are scarcely uncovered even at ebb-tide; Armen is seen confusedly as a sort of pale, flattened snout which plunges and reappears between the waves. The number of ships lost upon these three rocks is incalculable. The bed of the sea around them is a vast cemetery.

The idea of placing a lighthouse there, of embedding a torch upon this trio of assassins, was often agitated, but men recoiled before the difficulty, not to say the impossibility of the undertaking. Studies were however commenced, and the work was decided upon in 1867; but success was hardly expected. "Whenever there was a chance of approaching the rocks," recounts one of the engineers who conducted the work, "fishing boats were run up. Two men provided with life-preservers descended from each of them upon the rock; they lay down upon it, holding themselves there with one hand and with the other grasping a punch or hammer, and worked with feverish activity, continually covered by the wave which broke in foam above their heads. If one of them was dragged down by the violence of the current his belt supported him and a boat went to rescue him and take him back to work." At the end of the campaign the island had been approached seven times, eight hours' work had been done, and fifteen holes had been bored in the rock at the highest points. The following year the island was reached sixteen times and eighteen hours' work were done. Cramp-irons were fastened to the rock. This was a great step toward success. "The construction properly speaking dates from 1869," recounts the engineer we have just quoted. "Possession had to be taken more rapidly for the work was being done in the midst of waves which sometimes snatched from the hand of the workman the stone he was preparing to put in place. An experienced seaman backed up against one of the rocky peaks acted as a watch, and the workmen made haste to do mason work when he announced a lull and to cling to the rock when he foretold the arrival of a great wave." At the end of this third campaign nearly thirty-three cubic yards of masonry had been made which were found intact the next year. The lighthouse of Armen was at last inaugurated in 1881. Its light carries for twenty miles and is the last one seen on leaving Europe. It has cost a total of \$183,700, or \$153 per cubic yard of masonry.

Lighthouses upon their columns of granite

or iron have a soul; it is the keepers who watch over them, keep up their lights, and assure the regularity of their movements. This watchfulness and this care are not exerted in the same fashion in all lighthouses. Formerly the keepers, left to themselves without any control other than that of transient inspectors, did not bring to their task all the regularity desirable, but now the *personnel* of lighthouses is severely recruited and submitted to a constant surveillance. The keepers must be in good health; to make sure of this they undergo a medical examination which has reference to the sight and the general condition of the constitution. The limit of age for entrance into service, formerly fixed at forty years, has been lowered to thirty-five; certain instruction is required and the applicant is not decided upon finally until after a probation which permits his intelligence and morality to be estimated.

In lighthouses of the first order a keeper watches all night beside the light, the time being divided into two watches called quarters. The quarter is ordinarily suppressed in lighthouses placed at the entrance of ports. The keeper here is held only to two rounds per night during the summer. Many of the lighthouses of this class are simple, isolated columns; the keeper does not live there at all, and lodges in the town as he thinks best. His life does not differ at all from that of the small marine officers; it is easy and but little interesting. In the lighthouses placed on remote capes far from any village, as at Barfleur, on the shore of Seins, etc., the administration has had to concern itself with the habitation of the keepers. In these lighthouses the tower generally forms the central part of the construction; it is enclosed in a body of buildings containing the storehouses and dwellings.

For all these lighthouses, as well for those on the mainland as for those on islands of a definite extent, the administration permits the family of the keeper to dwell in the establishment. At the beginning these dwellings were all in one body, but misunderstandings broke out and the administration adopted

the plan of admitting only its agents into the interior of the lighthouses, leaving those who were married the care of lodging their families as best they could. This was going to extremes all at once and the inconvenience of such a rule applied on the mainland was not long in being felt. Finally the middle plan was adopted, which consisted of disposing the lodgings in such a manner that they were independent of each other and completely outside of the part of the edifice devoted to public service.

I have seen at Planier and in conditions which the remoteness from any inhabited center and the small surface of the island rendered rather striking, the excellent effects of this middle *régime*. And yet the keepers of Planier are privileged persons. Nowhere else upon the reefs that the old marine tongue calls the *Isolés* do the keepers have their families with them.

These *Isolés*, which occur in great numbers on the English Channel and the ocean, generally receive three permanent keepers for lighthouses of the first order, two for the others; sometimes only one for lights that a narrow channel separates from the mainland. The duration of the sojourn in these *Isolés* varies according to administrative rules. At the lighthouse of Croix, for example, where there is only one keeper, the relief is made every fifteen days; at Triagoz, where there are two keepers, every thirty days; at the Roches-Douvres, where there are three keepers, every forty-five days; at Planier, where there are six keepers, every fifty days. The duration of the leave of absence is itself in proportion to the length of the sojourn in the lighthouse.

As soon as he is debarked at the lighthouse the keeper begins his work. He takes possession of his little chamber, deposits his provisions in his special pantry, sweeps, rubs, polishes, soaps, etc. This cleaning goes on from top to bottom, from the ground floor to the lantern, passing by way of the apparatus room. The cans, the glasses, the mirrors, the horns, the reserve lamps must be dusted, the oil must be renewed, the wicks soaked, etc. All these preliminary operations have for an end il-

lumination. At twilight the white shades lowered over the mirrors during the day are taken off. The keeper touches a spring which sets in movement the circular optic apparatus. He next enters into the cage of the lantern and lights a little flame; as the night falls, he gradually raises the wicks. When they come above the top of the burner the flame has reached its full brilliancy, deep night has come; but the keeper's task is not ended. The quarter is the rule in all the Isolés. This quarter lasts from night-fall to midnight and the quarter following from midnight to daybreak. The man who keeps watch is not expected to remain standing as formerly. In the arm-chair which the administration permits him he may sit down and sew or dream, but under condition of attentively watching the fire, and not only his own but that of the other lighthouses visible upon the horizon. He must take note of the weather, passing ships, the transparency of the air, and incidents of all sorts which come to break the monotony of his watch. Because of the brilliancy of the light he wears black glasses. When the end of his quarter approaches he presses a bell which awakens the keeper who is to relieve him. He then descends into his chamber and goes to bed for the rest of the night. The next day, at six o'clock in summer and at seven in winter, he is up, ready to do cleaning, brick-work, etc.

But these operations take only a part of the forenoon. He is free for the rest of the day. What does he do with it? Upon the reefs on the high sea, even upon the largest, and in the summer, it is not always permissible to leave the lighthouse. There are two obstacles, the north wind and the ground swell. Both of these are traitors. Deceptive calms precede their worst attacks. Let a window be ajar during one of these breathing spells and the whole sea on one hand and the whole power of the tempest on the other are engulfed in the lighthouse. It is often necessary, at full noonday, to close the shutters, barricade the doors, light the lamp, and live as in the night with the formidable roaring of the tempest all around, and the perpetual *Dies*

ira of the squall from above against the windows. The seclusion is absolute and sometimes lasts for a fortnight, three weeks, entire months, the whole winter. How and where can the keeper move then, in these slender columns which only at ebb-tide uncover a bit of inaccessible rock and the rest of the time plunge straight into the foam? And yet the need of movement is imperious. To give satisfaction to it there is no other means than ascent and descent, descent and ascent in the stairway that climbs up to the lantern; the rooms are too narrow, there one could not take more than three steps straight ahead.

This sort of cellular life ends in reacting upon the *morale* of the keepers. On board a moving ship an invisible thread attaches the sailor to the land, to the inhabited world. The ship moves, if comes from somewhere and goes somewhere; going, coming, that is still living. Here the immobility is complete. One has the impression of eternal isolation, a cessation of time, as it were, upon a fixed point in space. To have around him nothing but the grayish uniformity of the sea, to languish a prisoner for entire weeks without being able to open a window, with the same companion whose every folly, habit, trick of speech, gesture, and facility have been revealed by the promiscuousness obligatory in such a life, whose every word is expected and known in advance, all this is horrible enough.

In fair weather, in the summer, when the rock is uncovered the keeper finds an occupation in fishing. The regions about the Isolés generally abound in fish, but as any sort of boat is forbidden the keepers fishing can be done only from the rock, with hook and line and weirs. The fish taken serve to vary the ordinary fare. When they are superabundant they are kept in reserve in natural ponds for which the depressions of the rocks are utilized, covered with slats. At some lighthouses, as the Heaux, fishing goes on at high water. The base of the lighthouse is encircled with a large cord from which hang lines with baited hooks. At low water the captured fish form a girdle about the lighthouse.

Another occurrence which adds interest to the keepers' lives is that in spring and autumn when the migrations take place the platform of the lighthouse is entirely strewn with skeletons of birds attracted there by the light. It has been noticed that they avoid the red sectors. The direction of the winds and the state of the atmosphere also influence their position. Frequently, the next day after a tempest, five or six hundred birds are found at the foot of the lighthouse; blackbirds, thrushes, quail, pigeons, etc. The impetus which carries them against the flame, the force of the shock, and the size of some of these birds have caused more than one accident. The administration almost everywhere has had to place gratings about the lights, and the birds are caught in them as in the meshes of a net. The keeper gathers them up in the morning and if the gastronomic taste of these people accommodates itself to these hecatombs, their moral sentiments are not disturbed by it.

Every occupation is beneficial which breaks the depressing monotony of these solitary watches. Fishing and hunting unfortunately last for only a short time; other things must be discovered. Certain keepers call to their aid games of cards, checkers, or dominoes. The administration furnishes them a new occupation in exterior labors, constructing dikes, stone embankments and roads, painting the lighthouse, etc., with which it busies them in the pleasant months. It is to be wished that these supplementary labors yielded them some indemnity or a small addition of salary. But in spite of this tendency to increase the work of the keepers most of them are left to spend the greater part of their time in reading. In England they read the Bible, in France light fiction.

When distractions are so rare, however, and the days so dull and long, very welcome to the keepers is the night, which immediately closes their eyes and rolls them like children in the gentle lethargic waves. The ringing of the quarter, which throws them on their feet at the first call, does not always disturb this blissful torpor. Their

acts take on something somnambulistic and in the end are executed without reflection. The singular taciturnity of certain lighthouse keepers has often been noticed. One of these men who died last year, Father Le Roy, never spoke to his colleagues except for the needs of the work. Others come to abhor the world and allow themselves to be in time won over by the profound and grave charm of solitude. A certain Verré at Roches-Douvres shunned every opportunity for coming back to land, and each time yielded his turn to his comrades. Among the Breton keepers the *régime* of the Isolés often develops the mystic side of the race.

Whether things are going well or ill outside, the keeper is riveted to his post and cannot leave it under any pretext. The story is told that at the lighthouse of Four, the chief keeper stood one day with his elbows upon the parapet of the platform looking at his house placed opposite him upon the strand. He thought he distinguished a black cloth upon it, and taking his spy-glass saw that it was crape hanging upon his door. The tragic is thus continually mingled in the life of these men, but it becomes so much a part of life that they accept it as a condition of their destiny.

In stormy nights in a high wind or especially in a fog, when the flame of the lighthouse roves like a bewildered bird in the bell of vapor which holds it prisoner, at what dramas have the keepers been present! By the aid of ropes and boat-hooks they have often been able to save the lives of the unfortunates whose ship had just been swallowed up under their eyes. The keepers themselves have their hidden dramas, their mysterious martyrologies. For however solidly the lighthouses may be, they do not always resist the shock of the elements. The Eddystone lighthouse went down for the first time in the tempest of the night of the 26th of November, 1703. The new lighthouse, constructed with more care by Ruyard, burned in the night of November 1, 1755. A third lighthouse, constructed a short time afterward and repaired in 1839 and again in 1865, caused

anxiety by reason of the gradual wearing away of the gneiss upon which it rested. It had to be replaced. The lighthouse of Fleetwood, built upon piles, was destroyed in this century by the formidable shock of a ship. More recently, in 1877, the Krishna light, situated near the mouth of the Ganges, suddenly disappeared. How? Why? No one could say. The catastrophe had not a single witness, but one day it was observed that the lighthouse no longer existed. And these risks of total disappearance removed, when one considers the other dangers to which the lighthouse keepers are exposed, horror disputes with pity in their regard.

To the men who accept, nay, who solicit this life of misery and abnegation, the state is debtor for a salary. How much? Let us refer to the decree of January 11, 1884. This decree establishes seven grades of keepers: masters of lighthouses, who receive \$234 per year, keepers of the first class, who receive \$195, keepers of the second class, who receive \$170, keepers of the third class, who receive \$156, keepers of the fourth class, who receive \$141, keepers of the fifth class, who receive \$126, and keepers of the sixth class, who receive \$112.

These seven grades embrace only a part of the *personnel* of lighthouses. There are in addition unclassified keepers, whose emoluments are determined by ministerial decisions. Of this number are the agents attached to the secondary establishments. Their service permits a remuneration less than that of keepers of the sixth class. For example, a certain lighthouse keeper not in the classified list, a widow burdened with a family, receives \$6.82 per month.

One would think that by reason of the mediocrity of the salary and the continual dangers to which these brave men are exposed, the state would at least admit them to the benefits accorded to registered seamen on account of age. Seamen have right to their pension of retirement after twenty-

five years of service. Lighthouse keepers have right to it only after thirty years.

In the United States lighthouse keepers receive three times as large salaries as those named above, and in England twice as large. Nowhere is the salary of keepers as low as in France. It is alleged that the decree previously referred to has elevated the salaries and that besides the number of applicants for admission into the administration of lighthouses exceeds that of the admissions. That is perhaps true upon the shore of the English Channel and the ocean, but if I am not deceived there is already some difficulty in recruiting lighthouse keepers on the coast of the Mediterranean, where it has been necessary by special indemnity to raise the initial salary of keepers to \$14 per month, although service here is decidedly less perilous and rough than upon the Vendean or Breton coasts. The time will doubtless come when the *personnel* of lighthouses, which is already being reduced to a strict minimum, will be still further diminished. America has for several years possessed permanent beacons on the high seas whose lighting is carried on without the intervention of keepers. Each of these beacons is supplied with iron reservoirs, enclosing, under a pressure of fifteen atmospheres, a quantity of gas or mineral oil capable of furnishing three months' light to the burner. From America this mode of lighting has passed to us, where it is in use at some points of the coast. In it lies an appreciable economy and one which cannot but benefit our system of maritime lighting at many points which are not yet signals to navigation. But while applicable to secondary beacons it is not to be thought that the system of permanent fires can ever be applied to lighthouses of great importance. It is recognized that these fires, while giving satisfactory results, do not offer the same guarantees as those which are watched continually. Therefore the condition of the keepers charged with this surveillance remains an object worthy of attention.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.*

In Defeated Spain. Over in Spain the Cortes, convoked on February 20, remained in session less than two weeks, but long enough to bring about the resignation of Premier Sagasta, which was followed by the organization of a new cabinet with Señor Francisco Silvela (Conservative) at its head. And Premier Silvela's first move was a dissolution of the Cortes, a new election being fixed for this month of April. Meantime the treaty of peace lacks confirmation by either the queen regent or the Cortes, and courts-martial for Admiral Montojo of the Philippine Squadron, and General Linares, commander of the Spanish forces at Santiago, are the order of the day. Signs are not wanting, however, that the Silvela cabinet represents the dominant sentiment in Spain to-day, expressed by the commercial bodies in favor of building up the country upon the basis of its own rich resources now that the burdens of a colonial policy have been taken away. A policy of internal reform is considered the chief feature of the Silvela program.

Fighting Filipinos. The first conflict between Filipinos and United States forces at Manila on February 4 was followed by intermittent fighting of which the end is not yet in sight. The Filipinos won no

victories, being repeatedly repulsed with heavy losses in engagements around Manila. But they kept up a guerilla warfare, by day or by night as they chose, along our line of defense, which was established and maintained within five or six miles of the city of Manila on land. Admiral Dewey controlled the bay and his ships' guns aided the land forces in destroying the villages and clearing the jungle to make the circle of defense

for the city impregnable. The most startling tactics of the Filipinos consisted of setting fire to suburbs of the city and then to buildings within the city itself. Three such fires in one evening destroyed some seven hundred buildings, according to reports, before the conflagration was controlled and order firmly established by our troops on guard in the city of Manila. Both naval and army reinforcements are bound for

the Philippines, and sufficient force to inaugurate a sharp campaign against the Filipinos, as planned by General Otis, is expected to be on hand before the rainy season cuts off the possibility of aggressive movement on our part. A month after the outbreak of hostilities General Otis' reports showed that our total losses at Manila amounted to 87 killed, 23 dead from wounds, 230 dead from disease, 374 additional soldiers being wounded in the conflicts with Filipinos.

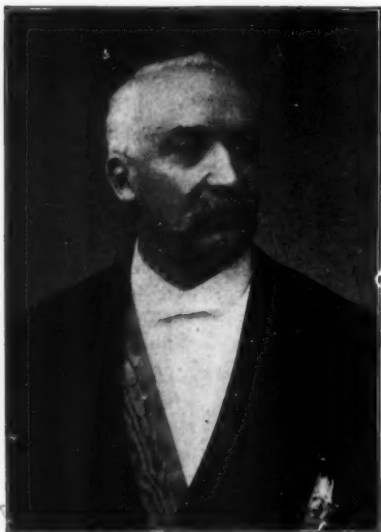
Outside of Manila progress in establishing the authority of the United States con-



REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

* This department, together with the book "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.

sisted of the occupation of Iloilo, on the island of Panay, the second city of importance in the Philippine group. The Filipinos who had occupied it finally yielded to our demands with scarcely a struggle when confronted by a formidable force under General Miller. Thereafter, representatives from the smaller islands of Negros and Cebu, of the Visayas group, voluntarily



M. FÉLIX FAURE.
The Late President of France.

accepted our authority, and by so much repudiated the authority of the Filipino government headed by Aguinaldo and his coadjutors.

Was Conflict Unavoidable? In and out of Congress there was much debate concerning the avoidability of this conflict with Filipinos. It appears that three of our consuls—Wildman at Hongkong, Pratt at Singapore (recently recalled), and Williams at Manila—were on friendly terms with Aguinaldo, that his dreams of independence for the Philippines were encouraged, and that his forces rendered valuable assistance in making our capture of Manila comparatively easy. But the treaty of peace ceded the Philippines to us,

and it appears that several conferences between representatives of General Otis and Aguinaldo's organization proved fruitless to secure an agreement to the peaceful establishment of United States authority. Press dispatches from Manila are subject to military censorship during the hostilities and the nature of these conferences has been revealed only in belated correspondence. One reliable correspondent is authority for the statement that Aguinaldo demanded United States support for the independent government of which he is the head, instead of offering further cooperation as an ally to give us the possession contemplated by the treaty of peace and provided for by President McKinley's instructions to General Otis; while admitting at the same time that without the presence of the United States troops the Philippines would become the prey of other powers, their own people being uncontrollable. The first bloody defeat of the Filipinos led so strong an administration paper as the *Chicago Times-Herald* to advocate announcement by the president that the Philippines would be treated like Cuba, with independence as the ultimate objective point. But the treaty (unratified as yet by Spain) ceded the Philippines to us, we assumed international responsibility there in the interim of ratification, and the administration stood by the judgment exercised by General Otis and Admiral Dewey, who were on the spot.

Nature of the Philippine Bargain. Anti-expansionists claimed that acceptance of the Philippines

and the payment of \$20,000,000 to Spain would prove a bad bargain. They considered the resistance of Filipinos to being sold with the land as excusable, and declared that by failure to treat the Philippines like Cuba the moral justification for going to war with Spain at all was negated. The cession of Puerto Rico and Guam was passed over on the ground that the inhabitants of the former were anxious for annexation, while the latter is by nature only a coaling station. To establish our rule and maintain it in the Philippines, they



M. ÉMILE LOUBET.
The New President of France.

said, will require increased military and naval establishments, with inevitable expense of life and money. If these new possessions should not cost financially more than they would be worth, the cost to our ideals and peculiar constitutional institutions would be disastrous in the long run.

On the other hand, two lines of justification for taking the Philippines appear. President McKinley voiced one of them in a speech at the banquet of the Home Market Club in Boston. The conditions were such, he declared, that there was but one thing to do, and that was to take the Philippines, in the spirit which prompted us to intervene in Cuba, as a trust for civilization:

There was but one alternative, and that was either Spain or the United States in the Philippines. The other suggestions—first, that they should be tossed into the arena of contention for the strife of nations, or, second, be left to the anarchy and chaos of no protectorate at all—were too shameful to be considered. . . . Our concern was not for territory or trade or empire, but for the people whose interests and destiny, without our willing it, had been put in our hands. . . . Did we ask their consent to liberate them from Spanish sovereignty

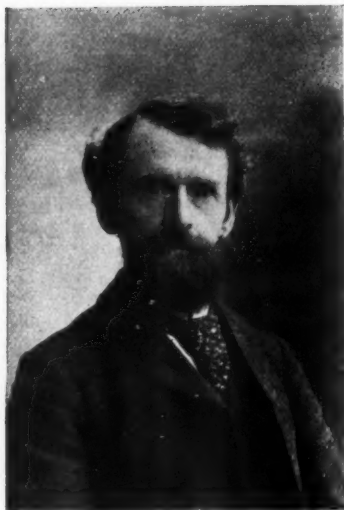
or to enter Manila Bay and destroy the Spanish sea power there? We did not ask these; and were obeying a higher moral obligation which rested on us, and which did not require anybody's consent. We were doing our duty by them as God gave us the light to see our duty, with the consent of our own consciences and with the approval of civilization.

Every present obligation has been met and fulfilled in the expulsion of Spanish sovereignty from their islands, and while the war that destroyed it was in progress we could not ask their views. Nor can we now ask their consent. . . . A reign of terror is not the kind of rule under which right action and deliberate judgment are possible. It is not a good time for the liberator to submit important questions concerning liberty and government to the liberated, while they are engaged in shooting down their rescuers. . . .

No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. . . . If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety. Always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education, and civilization.

The other view is that the negotiations for the treaty of peace gave us the commercial opportunity of the century, that we were entitled to the Philippines as indemnity for a costly war and would be foolish to throw away such a chance as any other great nation would have jumped at without hesitation. Whitelaw Reid, one of the Paris commissioners, has emphasized this view (Senator Davis, another of the commissioners, has spoken in similar vein), saying:

Would you have had your agents in Paris, the guardians also of your material interests, throw away all chance for indemnity for a war that began with the treacherous murder of 266 American sailors on the *Maine*, and had cost your treasury during the year over \$240,000,000? Would you have had them throw away a magnificent foothold for the trade of the farther East, which the fortune of war had placed in your hand; throw away a whole archipelago of boundless possibilities, economic and strategic; throw away this opportunity of centuries for your country? Would you have had them, on their own responsibility, then and there decide this ques-



SENATOR W. A. CLARK, OF MONTANA.



SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA.

tion for all time, and absolutely refuse to reserve it for the decision of Congress, and of the American people, to whom that decision belongs, and who have the right to an opportunity-first for its deliberate consideration? . . .

The ocean carriage for the Atlantic is in the hands of our rivals. The Pacific Ocean, on the contrary, is in our hands now. Practically we own more than half the coast on this side, dominate the rest, and have midway stations in the Sandwich and Aleutian Islands. To extend now the authority of the United States over the great Philippine archipelago is to fence in the China Sea and secure an almost equally commanding position on the other side of the Pacific—doubling our control of it and of the fabulous trade the twentieth century will see it bear. Rightly used it enables the United States to convert the Pacific Ocean almost into an American lake.

Are we to lose all this through a mushy sentimentality — alike un-American and un-Christian, since it would humiliate us by showing lack of nerve to hold what we are entitled to, and incriminate us by entailing endless bloodshed and anarchy on a people whom we have already stripped of the only government they have known for three hundred years, and whom we should thus abandon to civil war and foreign spoliation?

China and the "Open Door."

The war having turned our attention toward the "far East" it was not surprising that our commercial interests listened

eagerly to what Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, a delegate of Great Britain's Associated Chambers of Commerce, had to say during his homeward tour of this country after a personal investigation in China. Lord Beresford concludes that China's internal condition is such that its administration is bound to break down; that this condition has invited demands by the strong nations for "spheres of influence," and ultimate partition of the empire will follow this course. He conceives that a better plan would be to guarantee an "open door" to the trade of nations through an alliance between Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and the United States, which should undertake administrative powers for helpless China, paying her a percentage for the privileges of exploitation and development. This projected plan brought out criticism from the Russian ambassador to the United States, to the effect that Russian influence was in behalf of trade development rather than an imputed "closed door" in China. It has been followed, too, by a demand on the part of Italy for a coaling station and naval base at San Mun Bay, in the province of Che-Fiang. The Tsung li Yamun declined

to make the concession, whereupon Italian marines were landed and Italian reinforcements ordered thither. These events caused announcement to be made in dispatches from Washington that the United States maintains a policy of "hands off," while it was denied in Great Britain that she was backing Italy's demands. But it was assumed that Italy must have some stronger nation behind her in this latest move toward partition. It does not yet appear that Lord Beresford's alternative scheme appeals to the

present government of Great Britain, but it afforded a substantial subject of discussion in this country.

German Diplomacy. Stories of friction with Germany in the Philippines stopped short when the German government announced that all German vessels were to be withdrawn from those waters for service on the coast of China, and that the United States had been asked to protect the interests of Germans resident in the Philippines. This trust was accepted, and Germany further diplomatically indicated her friendly attitude by placing Prince Henry in command of the German fleet in Asiatic waters, outranking Admiral von Diedrichs. It is generally admitted that matters of naval etiquette formed the basis of the first misunderstandings, but this bold stroke by Germany was well timed to give the lie to sensational dispatches and to counteract prevalent suspicions of Germany's hostility to the United States in more ways than one. That Germany's official attitude throughout the war has been unimpeachable, Ambassador White is authority on that point. The press in Germany and the German-American press did



SENATOR ADDISON G. FOSTER, OF WASHINGTON.

not favor our going to war with Spain, but German interference in any respect has been stoutly denied and denounced in these same papers as "jingo invention" pure and simple. Perhaps no single person has been more outspoken against "misrepresentation" of the Germans than the Hon. Carl Schurz, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in both Germany and several cities of the United States on March 2. That Germany has some friendly claims for us to consider as well as Great Britain is suggested by the statements of Baron von Bülow, minister of foreign affairs. He has expressed the hope that friendly relations may be augmented commercially, and declared that Samoan affairs need readjustment, Germany being prepared to consent to a clean separation if the other parties to the tri-protectorate should consent.

A New President in France. It has become the habit of observers of French affairs to fear that each new phase may wreck the republic. Hence the unexpected death of President Félix Faure, February 16, caused many forebodings. He became president in 1895, having risen from the trade of a tanner to the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce in Havre, becoming a member of the Chamber of Deputies and cabinet minister first in 1881. During the progress of the Dreyfus affair he appeared as more of an opportunist than a strong man, but his administration weathered the storms of that affair, and in other respects proved safe and commendable from the historical standpoint. The election of a successor by the two houses of government in joint session did not develop extraordinarily exciting demonstrations. M.

Émile Loubet, a conservative Republican and president of the Senate, was elected to succeed M. Faure, and the policy outlined by him promised well for the support of civil and military administration in their proper spheres. President Loubet is a lawyer; he became a deputy in 1876; was first elected to the Senate in 1895; was premier in 1892, but his cabinet was overthrown on account of the Panama scandals; from 1896 to his election as president he had served acceptably as president of the Senate, and strangely enough had taken no decided position regarding the Dreyfus affair.

The Dreyfus case, by special legislation, has been referred to the entire Court of Cassation for final decision. It has also come to pass that charges of forgery against Colonel Picquart have been referred to the civil courts.

The new administration is able to announce that the differences with Great Britain associated with the Fashoda affair are in process of amicable adjustment.

Catholicism and Ritualism. Pope Leo XIII., who is reported to be recovering from a surgical operation, has issued a letter to Cardinal Gibbons dealing with what is called "Americanism," as revealed in a French translation of the life of Father Hecker, head of the Paulists or Mission Fathers in this country. The Paulists are engaged in missionary work among Protestants and they claim that the pope's criticisms have been occasioned by an erroneous French translation, that they are aimed more at Italy and France than at America because political conditions in France, especially,

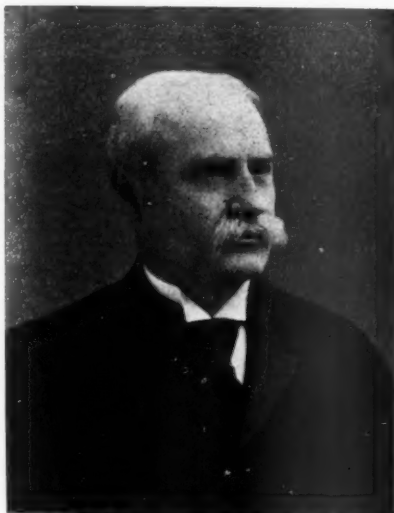
where there is agitation for separation of church and state, have led the clergy to mistakenly estimate ecclesiastical affairs in this country. The pope's letter, however, states the issue and the attitude of the

Roman Catholic Church, admitting adaptability to the character and genius of nations, but denying that the church in America can be different from what it is in the rest of the world, by saying:

The underlying principle of these new opinions is that, in order to more easily attract those who differ from her, the church should shape her teachings more in accord with the spirit of the age and relax some of her ancient severity and make some concessions to new opinions. Many think that these concessions should be made not only in regard to ways of living,

but even in regard to doctrines which belong to the deposit of the faith. They contend that it would be opportune, in order to gain those who differ from us, to omit certain points of her teaching which are of lesser importance, and to tone down the meaning which the church has always attached to them. It does not need many words, beloved son, to prove the falsity of these ideas if the nature and origin of the doctrine which the church proposes are recalled to mind. The Vatican Council says concerning this point: "For the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the spouse of Christ, to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is perpetually to be retained which our holy mother, the church, has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretense or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them."

In Great Britain the Liberal or Opposition party has been given a live issue by the controversy over ritualism in the Established or State Church of England. The clergy insist upon their right to control the form and conduct of services, burning in-

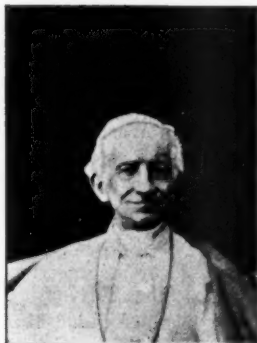


NELSON W. ALDRICH.
Chairman of Senate Finance Committee.

cense, holding confession, withholding the sacrament, etc., against which there are many protesters, and since the government establishes the churches the right to prohibit obnoxious practices is claimed as a government right. This issue is not a new one, but non-conformists and anti-ritualists comprise a strong element to back the espousal of the anti-ritualist cause by the Liberals.

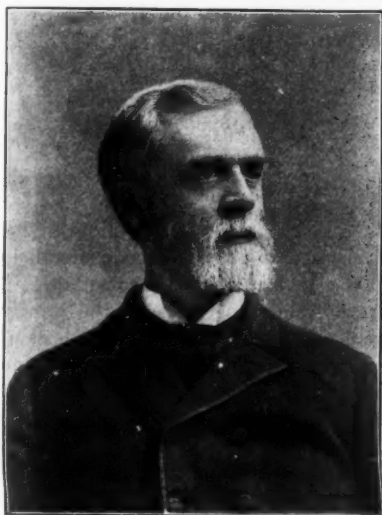
Home Politics. Senatorial deadlocks continue in four state legislatures—Pennsylvania, Delaware, Utah, and California. To the new senators-elect already named in this department are now to be added Addison G. Foster (Rep.), of Washington, succeeding John W. Wilson (Rep.), and M. L. Hayward (Rep.), of Nebraska, succeeding William V. Allen (Pop.). Along with the series of portraits of new political figures in the upper branch of the national legislature we give portraits of the leaders of the Republican majority in both branches of the next Congress, Nelson W. Aldrich, of

the winter most attention has been drawn to a constitutional amendment proposed by the legislature of North Carolina, providing for the elimination of the negro vote. It copies the Mississippi plan of an educational



POPE LEO XIII.

and property qualification for suffrage, excepting from this qualification male persons or their lineal descendants entitled to vote up to January 1, 1867.



SERENO E. PAYNE.

Chairman of House Committee on Ways and Means.

Brief Mention. The War Investigating Commission made its report to the president, criticizing General Miles and the transportation and inspection departments, recommending reforms in the medical department and some remedy for the divided authority and responsibility in the War Department which now produces friction. Secretary Alger is absolved from dishonesty or neglect of duty, but his administration is said to have lacked the complete grasp of the war situation essential to highest efficiency and discipline. The Court of Inquiry, Maj.-Gen. James H. Wade presiding, is proceeding with the investigation of the charges concerning bad beef.

The government has refused to pay an indemnity for the Hungarians killed by a sheriff's posse during the famous coal-miners' strike at Lattimer, Pa., on the ground that they were lawless and killed in the effort of the proper authority to enforce the laws, the Hungarians not being entitled to claim a license to commit crime which was denied to Americans.

Rhode Island, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Sereno E. Payne, of New York, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means. Of the political measures passed in state legislatures during

Adjournment of the Joint High Commission with Canada to August next, without having reached any agreement upon the important subjects in dispute, was generally considered an admission that the negotiations were a failure. Differences over the Alaskan boundary were announced to be the crucial difficulty in the way of agreement. Shortly after the adjournment Lord Herschell, chairman of the British-Canadian delegation, died in Washington. Our government offered the services of a warship to convey the remains to Great Britain, but a British vessel had been ordered here for the purpose.

The Fifty-fifth Congress, which ended March 4, was noted chiefly for its "war record." In the short session, from December to March, the Senate ratified the treaty of peace with Spain. Both houses agreed upon a provisional increase of the army, limited to July 1, 1901, and a conditional increase of battle-ships and cruisers, together with a law reorganizing the navy *personnel*. Twenty million dollars was appropriated to Spain under the terms of the peace treaty. The rank of admiral was created and conferred upon Rear-Admiral George Dewey, and Brig-Gen. Elwell S. Otis, military governor of the Philippines, was made major-general by brevet. A very large number of promotions in both army and navy, recommended as a result of the Santiago campaign, failed of confirmation. The appropriations authorized by the Fifty-fifth Congress aggregated \$1,566,890,016.28, of which \$482,562,083.47 was charged to the war with Spain. Authority was given for contracts subject to future appropriations in the sum of \$70,000,000. Among the appropriations are \$4,000,000 for public buildings throughout the country, \$4,000,000 for pensions, \$3,100,000 for French spoliation claims, \$2,000,000 for the government printing office, \$1,000,000 for a building for the Department of Justice, \$1,200,000 for the Paris Exposition, \$500,000 for an exposition in Buffalo, and \$300,000 for an exposition in Philadelphia.

The contest over appropriation bills,

which was carried to the very close of the session, resulted in a compromise upon the Nicaragua Canal, whereby \$1,000,000 was set aside for another investigation and the president was authorized to appoint a board of survey and determine the steps necessary to secure an Isthmian canal for the United States. The proposed subsidies for American shipping and provision for a cable to Hawaii failed of passage. Bills to provide a territorial government for the Hawaiian



WILLIAM R. MERRIAM.
Director of the Census.

Islands and to provide a code of criminal laws for Alaska failed to become law.

Aside from these measures the principal enactment of the session just closed provides for the taking of the census of 1900. Considerable criticism was incurred in the Republican as well as the opposition press, because civil-service regulations were not made applicable to this undertaking, which calls for the appointment of some 300 supervisors and not far from 50,000 employees altogether. President McKinley has appointed Ex-Gov. William R. Merriam, of Minnesota, an active Republican politician, as director of the census, and, as his assistant, Frederick H. Wines, of Illinois, a statistician of reputation, particularly in penology.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR APRIL.

First Week (ending April 1).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII. to page 205.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters I.-VI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Women at the English Universities."

Second Week (ending April 8).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII., pages 205-210.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters VII.-XI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The American Carpet Industry."

Third Week (ending April 15).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII., pages 210-216.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XII.-XVI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Benjamin Disraeli."

"The House of Commons."

Fourth Week (ending April 22).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII. concluded.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XVII.-XXI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Resurrection of Jesus Christ."

Fifth Week (ending April 29).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII. to page 230.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XXII.-XXVI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Some Spring Birds."

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 6).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII., pages 230-234.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XXVII.-XXXI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Liverpool."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR APRIL.

First Week.

1. Roll-call—Responses to be quotations from Lamb and De Quincey.

2. The Lesson.

3. A Critical Study—"Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.

4. Readings—Selections from "Essays of Elia."

5. Essay—Thomas De Quincey and his literary works.

6. A Paper—The local rocks.

7. A Geological Study—The local drift material and the hillside spring.

Second Week.

1. The Lesson.

2. A Paper—Local sedimentation and erosion.

3. A Literary Study—Scott's three great poems.

4. General Conversation—Personal estimates of Scott's literary works.

5. Book Review—"The Heart of Midlothian," by Scott.

1—Apr.

Third Week.

1. The Lesson.

2. A Paper—The lava fields of America.

3. A Talk—Excavations on the sites of cities buried by lava.

4. Essay—The characteristics of Byron's poetry.

5. Select Readings from Byron—"To Augusta,"

"Adieu, adieu! my Native Shore," "Destruction of Sennacherib," and "The Coliseum" from "Childe Harold," Canto IV.

Fourth Week.

1. Roll-call—Responses to be quotations from Shelley.

2. Biographical Studies—Keats and Shelley.

3. A Paper—The characteristics of Keats' poetry.

4. Essay—Shelley's political and social theories as revealed in his poetry.

5. Readings—"Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn," by Keats. "To the Skylark," "View from the Euganean Hills," and "To Night," by Shelley.

Fifth Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Talk—The manufacture of salt.
3. A Paper—Petroleum and its commercial products.
4. Book Review—"David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
5. General Conversation—Critical estimates of Dickens' novels.

FOR MAY.
First Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—Thackeray's art and his characters.
3. Book Review—"Vanity Fair," by Thackeray.
4. Select Reading—"The End of the Play," a poem by Thackeray.
5. Essay—The story of animal life as told by fossils.

SYLLABUS OF C. L. S. C. READING.

REQUIRED READING IN THE TEXT-BOOKS.

"FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

VII.—FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE DEATH OF SCOTT, 1789-1832 (CONCLUDED).

5. Associates of the Lake Poets (pp. 201-205).

- (1) John Wilson.
 - (a) Character.
 - (b) Literary productions.
- (2) Thomas De Quincey.
 - (a) Personal traits.
 - (b) Publication of his writings.
 - (c) His most famous production.
 - (d) General character of his papers.
 - (e) Biographical sketches.
 - (f) The narrative pieces.

"Kalmucks." A branch of the Mongolian race consisting of four tribes. They are a nomadic people, adherents of Buddhism, and they inhabit parts of the Chinese Empire, Western Siberia, and Southern Russia.

"Hegira" [hej'i-rä]. A flight or departure; specifically the flight of Mohammed from Mecca in 622 A. D. to escape the enmity of the people of Mecca.

- (3) Walter Savage Landor.
 - (a) Biographical facts.
 - (b) His classicism.
 - (c) Character of his verses.

"Intaglios" [in-tal'yōz]. An engraving sunk below the surface; an incised ornamentation.

- (d) His prose.

"Hetaira" [het-i'ra]. In ancient Greece a woman, especially a slave or foreigner, who was a professional entertainer.

- (e) Criticisms of Landor.
- (4) Charles Lamb.
 - (a) Biographical facts.
 - (b) His essays.

6. Walter Scott (pp. 205-209).

- (1) His education.

"Ariosto" [ä-rē-ōs'tō]. An Italian poet and writer of comedies who lived in the sixteenth century.

"Tasso." An Italian poet of the sixteenth century.

"Pulci" [pool'chē]. A fifteenth-century poet of Italy.

"Boiardo" [bō-yär'dō]. An Italian poet of the fifteenth century.

- (2) Love for outdoor sports.
- (3) Wordsworth and Scott.
- (4) Bankruptcy.
- (5) Translations.

"Bürger." A German poet.

"Wilde Jäger" [vīl'de yä'ger]. The wild huntsman.

"Götz von Berlichingen" [gōts fon ber'lik-ing-en].

- (6) Metrical romances.
- (7) Carlyle's criticism.
- (8) The "Waverley Novels."

- (a) Number.
- (b) The first of the series.
- (c) Compared with other fiction.
- (d) General character of the romances.

7. Thomas Campbell's poems (p. 210).

8. George Gordon Byron (pp. 210-216).

- (1) "Childe Harold."
- (2) Poetry of the Orient.

"Bulbul." A nightingale common to the tropics of the Orient.

"Gulistan" [goo-lis-tān]. From the Persian, which means the rose garden. This is the title of a celebrated work by the Persian poet Sadi; it is a collection of stories, intermixed with which are many philosophical and moral sayings.

"Zuleika" [zu-lē'kā]. A name frequently used in Persian poetry.

- (3) Byronism.
- (4) Byron's hero.
- (5) His mood and influence on minor poets.
- (6) Personal career.
- (7) Literature of travel.

"Drachenfels" [dräk'en-felz]. The dragon's rock. It is the steepest of the Siebengebirge range and is located on the Rhine, near Königswinter.

- (8) "Don Juan."
- (9) Death of Byron.
- (10) Criticisms of Byron.
- (11) Nature in his poetry.
9. Thomas Moore and his poems (p. 216).
10. Shelley and his poems (pp. 216-220).
 - (1) Biographical facts.
 - (2) Criticisms by Hazlitt and Carlyle.
 - (3) Early poems.
 - (4) Death of the poet.
- "*Cor cordium*." Heart of hearts.
 - (5) His mature work.
 - (6) His lyricism.
- "Euganean Hills" [ū-gā'nē-an]. Volcanic hills in Northeastern Italy.
- "Epipsychidion" [ep-i-psi-kid'i-on]. From the Greek meaning a little poem on the soul.
 - (7) The quality of his genius.
11. Keats and his poetry (pp. 220-223).
 - (1) "Endymion" and "Hyperion."
 - (2) His education.
- "La Belle Dame sans Merci." The beautiful woman without mercy.
 - (3) His death.
 - (4) Character of his poetry.
 - (5) Influence of his style.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give a critical estimate of Thomas De Quincey's works.
2. What are the characteristics of Walter Savage Landor's style?
3. Give an account of Charles Lamb's career.
4. Give a biographical sketch of Walter Scott and a critical estimate of his prose and metrical romances.
5. Give an account of Byron's personal career and describe its effect on his literary work.
6. What is the author's estimate of Byron?
7. What is Shelley's philosophy as exhibited in his poems?
8. Describe the qualities of Shelley's style and name his most important productions.
9. Give a biographical sketch of Keats.
10. Name some of Keats' most important poems and describe his literary style.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What poem is Byron said to have written in ten days, and how many copies were sold in a single day?
2. Who was called the "Wizard of the North"?
3. What opera is founded on one of Scott's novels? Give the title of the novel and the name of the composer of the opera.

VIII.—FROM THE DEATH OF SCOTT TO THE PRESENT TIME, 1832-1898.

1. A perspective of the period (pp. 225-226).
 - (1) The novel.

- (2) Masters of modern fiction.
2. Dickens and his productions (pp. 226-230).
 - (1) His first literary productions.
 - (2) His journalism.
 - (3) Experiences in London.
 - (4) His masterpiece.
 - (5) Other literary works.
 - (6) His histrionic quality.
 - (7) Faults of taste.
 - (8) His art in the field of comedy.
 - (9) Criticisms on his character sketching.
 - (10) His original humorous device.
 - (11) His humor compared with Thackeray's.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the characteristic literature of this period?
2. Who are the three acknowledged masters of modern English fiction?
3. By what was the fame of Dickens established?
4. Name Dickens' most important novels, and give a critical estimate of them.
5. Compare the humor of Dickens with that of Thackeray.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. From which of Dickens' novels comes the expression "Barkis is willin' "?
2. What character in the same book is always "waiting for something to turn up"?
3. Which of Dickens' novels exposes the weaknesses of the educational system of England?

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

I.—THE GEOLOGY AT OUR DOORS.

1. Geology defined (p. 7).
2. Extent of the study (pp. 7-8).
3. Subjects for study (pp. 8-11).
 - (1) Material around us.
 - (2) The problem of scenery.
 - (3) Origin and plan of the earth.
 - (4) The materials of the earth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Define geology.
2. Explain the scope of the present study.
3. What are the materials for geological study?
4. Of what is the earth composed?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How does Lyell define geology?
2. Of what does dynamic geology treat?

II.—LOST ROCKS.

1. Boulders (pp. 11-17).
 - (1) Cobblestones, pebbles, and boulders compared.
 - (2) Character and origin.
 - (3) Transportation of boulders.
- "Agassiz" [ag'a-si]. A Swiss-American naturalist. He died in 1873.
 - (4) The size of boulders.

"Pierre à bot" [pē-ār' a bo].

"Neufchâtel" [nē-shā-tel'].

(5) Rocking-stones.

(6) Boulders in high altitudes.

(7) Sources of boulders.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the origin of boulders, and tell how they differ from pebbles and cobblestones.

2. What is the explanation of their wide distribution?

3. Where are some of the largest boulders found?

4. What regions are supposed to be the source of boulders? Give the reason for such supposition.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What is the most widely known boulder in the United States? What is its character?

III.—THE GRAVEL PIT.

1. Formation of the drift (pp. 17-20).

(1) Drift explained.

(2) Drift structure.

(3) Variety of drift material.

(4) Two kinds of drift.

(a) Semi-stratified drift.

(b) Unstratified drift.

(c) Both kinds not always present.

(d) Origin of both kinds.

2. General distribution of drift (pp. 20-24).

(1) Termination of drift.

(2) Distribution of boulders.

(3) Relation to temperature.

(a) Effect of cold.

(b) Glacial formation.

(c) Movement of glaciers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the structure of drift.

2. What are the two kinds of drift and how are they formed?

3. Explain glacial formation and movement and show their relation to the distribution of drift.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. By what name did early geologists call drift?

2. In South America how far north is the drift recognizable?

IV.—AMONG THE GLACIERS.

1. Geological action of glaciers (pp. 24-32).

(1) Alpine glacier field.

"Chamonix" [shā-mō-nē].

"Argentière" [ār-zhōn-ti-air].

"Saussure" [sō-sūr]. A Swiss geologist of the eighteenth century.

"Montanvert" [mōn-ton-vār].

(2) Crevasses.

(3) Lateral moraines and striations.

(4) Terminal moraines.

(5) Movement of glaciers.

(6) Former condition of glaciers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the Vale of Chamonix, and name the great Alpine glaciers.

2. What are the characteristic features of glaciers?

3. Describe the crevasses.

4. What are moraines and of what are they evidences?

5. What are the rates of glacial movement?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What is the character of the glaciers in the western part of the United States?

V.—THE HILLSIDE SPRING AND ITS WORK.

1. Subterranean waters and their deposits (pp. 32-38).

(1) Character of subterranean waters.

(2) Obstructions to descending water.

(3) Conditions for wells.

(4) Formation of springs.

(5) Source of river water.

(6) Value of springs.

(7) Cause of hard water.

(8) Deposits from springs.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the character of subterranean water?

2. Explain the formation of subterranean cisterns.

3. How are springs produced and of what value are they?

4. What is the cause of hard water.

5. What deposits are made from springs?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the usual temperature of spring water?

2. To what are intermittent springs supposed to be due?

VI.—INTRODUCTION TO THE ROCKS.

1. Kinds of minerals and stones (pp. 39-45).

(1) History of a rock.

(2) Composition of rocks.

(3) Quartz and quartzites.

(4) Conglomerates.

(5) The granite boulder.

(6) Gneiss, granulite, and mica schist.

(7) The syenite boulder and variations.

(8) Other varieties of rocks.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are the characteristics of mica, quartz, and feldspar?

2. What are the characteristics of the syenite rocks?

3. Describe the most common sedimentary rocks.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the most familiar form in which mica is found?

2. When ground up for what is it used?

VII.—THE FLOODS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

1. Lacustrine deposits and terraces (pp. 45-51).

(1) The Ridge Road and what it indicates.

- (2) Conditions on Mackinac Island.
- (3) Former condition of the lakes.
- (4) The southern barrier.
- (5) Time of high water.
- (6) The deposits.
- (7) River terraces.
- (8) A supposition.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are the evidences of a former higher level of the Great Lakes?
2. Describe the conditions which existed at the time of the higher level.
3. What is the nature of the lacustrine deposits?
4. What evidence is there that the northern rivers were once flooded?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. Where are the Pictured Rocks and what are the evidences of the effect of the waves on them?

VIII.—THE MUD FLAT.

1. Sedimentation (pp. 51-57).
 - (1) Carrying power of running water.
 - (2) Assorting power of running water.
 - (3) Silted ponds and lakes.
 - (4) River sediment.
 - (5) Sedimentation in the sea.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give an illustration of the carrying and assorting power of water.
2. Describe the process by which lakes gradually disappear.
3. Describe the processes of river and sea sedimentation.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How does the sea-water affect the turbid river water flowing into it?
2. What is the estimated area of the delta of the Mississippi and what is its character?

IX.—THE RIVER GORGE.

1. Erosion (pp. 57-63).
 - (1) Source of sediment.
 - (2) Tracing the sediment's course.
 - (3) A view of drainage areas.
 - (4) River gorges mentioned.
 - (5) Mountains of circumnutation.
 - (6) Outliers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the source of sediment?
2. Show how the erosion changes the physical features of the land.
3. Give examples of famous river gorges.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Why do swift mountain streams have deeper and narrower channels than the slower streams of the plains?
2. How do plants aid in the demolition of rocks?

X.—A WALK UNDER THE SEA.

1. What goes on in the ocean depths (pp. 64-70).

- (1) Wondrous effect of the sea.
- (2) A visit to the depths.
- (3) Physical condition of the deep sea.

"Cimmerian." Pertaining to the Cimmerii, a mythical race who dwelt, said Homer, "beyond the ocean stream, where the sun never shines, and perpetual darkness reigns." Later writers spoke of them as dwelling in perpetual darkness; hence the expression Cimmerian darkness.

- (4) Globigerina ooze.
- (5) Clay ooze and volcanic dust.
- (6) Cosmic depth.
- (7) Life in the ocean depth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe a trip into the deep sea.
2. Describe the conditions which exist at the bottom of the sea.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How does the bottom of the sea compare with the land in physical features?
2. At depths of about 15,000 feet and more of what is the ocean bottom composed?

XI.—BY THE ROCKY WALL.

1. Strata and their classification (pp. 71-78).

- (1) Examples of strata.
 - (a) Conglomeritic sandstone.
 - (b) Oblique lamination.
 - (c) Shale.
 - (d) Limestone.
 - (e) Sandstone.
- (2) Formation of strata.
 - (a) Sedimentation by rivers.
 - (b) Arrangement of sediment in ocean beds.
 - (c) Agents of stratification.
 - (d) Time of sedimentation.
 - (e) Periods of sedimentation.
- (3) Rock systems.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give examples of several kinds of strata.
2. Describe the process by which strata are formed.
3. Name the great rock systems.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is probably the original position of strata?
2. About how long does it take to accumulate enough mud to form a layer of slate the thickness of roofing slate?

XII.—MYSTERIOUS FORMS OF LIFE.

1. Fossils (pp. 78-85).

- (1) Where found.
- (2) Ancient theories.
- (3) The relative position of land and sea.

"Pythagoras." A Greek philosopher who died about 500 B. C.

"Strabo." A Greek geographer of the first century.

"Pliny." A Roman naturalist of the first century.

- (4) Character of fossils.
- (5) Law of adaptation to environment.
- (6) Changes in the physical world.
- (7) What is learned by a study of fossils.
- (8) Table of geological history.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are some of the ancient theories in regard to fossils?
2. What is the modern scientific conception of the relative positions of land and sea?
3. What are fossils?
4. Give illustrations of the law of adaptation of organisms to environment and tell what it proves.
5. Trace the progress of life through the different geological æons.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the most advanced and perfect condition of fossilization?
2. How are strata classified?

XIII.—COURSES OF THE EARTH'S MASONRY.

1. Arrangement of formations (pp. 85-93).

- (1) Formation defined.
- (2) The oldest known strata.
- (3) Outcrops.
- (4) Synclinal basins.
- (5) Synclinal folds.
- (6) Anticlinal basins.
- (7) Anticlinal folds.
- (8) Variations in arrangement.
- (9) Complicated arrangement.
- (10) Topographical position of the Eozoic.
- (11) Strata in long folds.
- (12) Other arrangements.
- (13) Positions of strata.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Define formation and give the principles to be recognized in the study of strata.
2. Explain outcrop, synclinal basin, synclinal fold, anticlinal basin, and anticlinal fold.
3. What complications are often found in the structural arrangement and what are some of the advantages of them?
4. Give a general explanation of the positions of strata.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. When did the greater part of the present Apalachian system probably come into existence?
2. Which range in the Rocky Mountain region forms one of the largest anticlinals of that region?

XIV.—A WALK IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

1. Thermal waters (pp. 93-102).

- (1) Yellowstone Park described.

- (2) The cañon.
- (3) The geysers of the park.
- (4) Geysers of New Zealand and Iceland.
- (5) Explanation of geyser action.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the Yellowstone National Park.
2. Describe the famous geysers of the park.
3. Describe the mineral deposits of the thermal springs.
4. Describe the action of the Great Geyser of Iceland.
5. Explain geyser action.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Of what are the hot springs of the Yellowstone National Park probably the remains?
2. What is the nature of most of these springs?

XV.—AMONG THE VOLCANOES.

1. Indications of internal fires.

- (1) Vesuvius described.

"Palmieri" [pāl-mē-ā'rē].

- (2) Eruptions.

"Procida" [pro'che-da].

"Pompeii" [pom-pā'yee].

"Torre dell' Annunziata" [tor're del län-noon-zē-ä'tä].

"Torre del Greco" [tor're del grā'ko].

"Portici" [pör'tē-chē].

- (3) Mt. Ætna and its eruptions.

"Monti Rossi." A double hill formed by lateral eruptions.

- (4) A volcano in Central America.

"Cosiguina" [kō-sē-goo-ē'nā].

- (5) Lava from other volcanoes.

- (6) Conditions of volcanic action.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe two volcanoes and their eruptions.
2. Give examples of the amount of lava emitted from volcanoes.
3. Describe the conditions of volcanic action.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. To what part of the American continent are the modern volcanoes limited?
2. What is a very noticeable fact in regard to the location of volcanoes?

XVI.—FROZEN SEAS OF LAVA.

1. Ancient lavas (pp. 111-117).

- (1) Ancient and modern vulcanism compared.

- (2) The great lava fields.

- (3) The time of great vulcanism.

- (4) Previous periods of activity.

- (5) Dykes.

- (6) Laccolites.

- (7) Results of erosion in lava fields.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Contrast ancient vulcanism with that of the present.

2. Describe the great lava fields of America.
3. In what geologic ages have there been eruptions of lava?
4. Explain the formation of columnar structures and laccolites.
5. Explain the results of erosion in lava fields.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What noted examples of columnar structure exist on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland?

XVII.—IMPRISONED HEAT.

1. Internal condition of the earth (pp. 117-124).
 - (1) An artesian well.
 - (2) Depth reached by the sun's heat.
 - (3) Depth of uniform temperature.
 - (4) Increase of temperature downward.
 - (5) Observations in artesian wells, mines, and tunnels.
 - (6) Temperature of great depths.
 - (7) Embedded ice.
 - (8) Lava as a conductor of heat.
 - (9) Knowledge about internal heat.
 - (10) Theories about internal heat.
 - (11) Condition of the earth's interior.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain how the sun's heat affects the interior of the earth.
2. Give proof of the fact that the temperature of the earth increases downward.
3. Explain the existence of embedded ice.
4. Give the theories of the cause of internal heat.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What is the character of the lower rocks and what do they show in regard to the former condition of the earth?

XVIII.—THE UNSTABLE LAND.

1. Phenomena and causes of earthquakes (pp. 125-132).

- (1) Duration of earthquakes.
- (2) Damage caused by earthquakes.
- (3) Earthquake motions and velocity of transmission.
- (4) Center of disturbance.
- (5) Absence of a twisting motion.
- (6) Sounds.
- (7) Effects of earthquakes.
- (8) Time of occurrence.
- (9) Varieties of earthquakes.
- (10) Causes of earthquakes.
- (11) Time of earthquakes.
- (12) Relation to atmospheric phenomena.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How long does an earthquake continue?
2. What are the motions of an earthquake and at what rate are they transmitted?
3. What is the theory in regard to the center of disturbance?

4. Describe the effects of earthquakes and explain why they occur more frequently at one time than another.

5. Explain the causes of earthquakes.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Where are earthquakes most liable to occur?
2. Where are they most frequent and violent?

XIX.—THE FRAMEWORK OF THE MOUNTAINS.

1. Mountain structure (pp. 132-139).

- (1) Mount Marcy.
- (2) Geology of surrounding territory.
- (3) The Laurentide Hills.
- (4) Mountains of upheaval.
- (5) Secondary mountain forms.
- (6) Mountains of relief.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the form, material, and structure of Mount Marcy.
2. Describe the formation of the Adirondacks and the Laurentide Hills.
3. Describe the changes which mountains have undergone.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. From what do the Great Plains appear to have resulted?

XX.—HOW THE MOUNTAIN FRAMEWORK IS REARED.

1. Mountain formation (pp. 139-145).

- (1) Ancient theories.
- (2) Where vulcanism is not applicable.
- (3) Contraction of the earth's crust.
- (4) Lateral pressure.
- (5) Formation of wrinkles.
- (6) Relation of volcanic action.
- (7) Trend of mountains.
- (8) Effect of tidal action.
- (9) Sedimentation in mountain-making.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What were the ancient theories of mountain formation and to what mountains is it not applicable?
2. Explain how mountains are formed.
3. What is the relation of mountain-making to volcanic action?
4. Give the reason for the north and south trend of mountains, and explain the part of sedimentation in mountain formation.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. According to their structure and the rocks composing them into what three groups may mountains be divided?
2. To which class do the most rugged mountains belong?

XXI.—DOWN IN A MINE.

1. Occurrence of the metals (pp. 145-153).

- (1) Comstock Lode described.
- "Plagioclase" [pla'ji-o-klāz]. From two Greek

words meaning oblique and fracture; a term applied to a group of triclinic feldspar whose two prominent lines of cleavage are oblique to each other.

- (2) Working the mine.
- (3) Obstacles to working.
- (4) Yield of the lode.
- (5) Source of the metals.
- (6) True veins.
- (7) The Eureka territory.
- (8) Mineral deposits of other regions.

REVIEW QUESTION.

1. Describe the Comstock Lode and explain the method of working it.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. In what portions of the United States is silver found as a native metal?
2. Where is most of the quicksilver of the United States produced?

XXII.—THE KING OF METALS.

1. Iron and its geology (pp. 153-159).

- (1) Utility of iron.
- (2) Concentration of iron.
 - (a) Oxides, peroxides, and hydrated peroxides.
 - (b) Limonite.
 - (c) Hämatite.
 - (d) Lake Superior ore.
 - (e) Magnetite.
- (3) Another theory of concentration.
- (4) Modes of accumulation.
- (5) Occurrence and mining of iron.
- (6) The earth's central mass.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the formation of bog iron ore.
2. What are the other theories in regard to the formation of beds of iron ore?
3. Explain the different methods by which iron ore particles have been accumulated.
4. How is iron ore mined?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Where are the most famous iron deposits of Missouri?
2. In what kind of rocks is the specular variety of iron ore found?

XXIII.—THE CRYSTALS OF THE SEA.

1. Salt and gypsum (pp. 159-165).

- (1) A salt region of Russia.
- (2) Salt districts of the United States.
- (3) Other famous salt deposits.
- (4) Brine and rock salt.
- (5) Production of salt for commerce.
- (6) Order of precipitation from brines.
- (7) Order in nature.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the salt district of Russia and explain how the saline deposits have been formed.

2. Locate the great salt districts of the United States and tell how the salt is obtained for commerce.

3. Give the order of precipitation from brine and explain how it proves the theory of the origin of salt formations.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. On what island of the southern coast of the United States is rock-salt mined?
2. Of what is salt a compound and what is its chemical symbol?

XXIV.—LIQUID SUNLIGHT.

1. Petroleum (pp. 166-172).

- (1) The oil craze.
- (2) Principles about oil and its occurrence.
- (3) Source of oil.
- (4) Gas and oil and their composition.
- (5) Oil districts.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are the scientific principles regarding oil and its occurrence?
2. What is the general opinion regarding the source of oil and what is the composition of petroleum?
3. State facts about the great oil districts.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the derivation of the word petroleum and what does it signify?
2. What foreign oil wells have rivaled those of Pennsylvania in productiveness?

XXV.—GASEOUS SUNLIGHT.

1. Natural gas—its wonders and its geology (pp. 173-183).

- (1) Early knowledge about natural gas.
- (2) Recent discoveries.
- (3) Value of gas to Pittsburgh.
- (4) Wastage.
- (5) Composition of gas.
- (6) Prophecy.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was known about gas fifty years ago?
2. Where are the great gas regions of America?
3. Describe the Burns and Delamater wells.
4. How has the use of gas affected commercial interests of the country?
5. What is the composition of gas?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What are some of the ingredients of natural gas besides those mentioned in the text-book?

XXVI.—SOLIDIFIED SUNLIGHT.

1. Coal and coal-beds (pp. 183-189).

- (1) Nature and origin of coal.
- (2) Graphite.
- (3) Anthracite coal.
- (4) Bituminous varieties.

- (5) Character of Peat.
- (6) Mode of occurrence.
- (7) Method of mining.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the origin of coal.
2. Describe the different varieties of coal and tell where each is found.

3. Describe the mode of its occurrence and the method of mining.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the estimated area of the coal-fields east of the Rocky Mountains?
2. Of what age are the coal-fields of the Cordilleran regions?

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

I.—"WOMEN AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES."

1. A tribute to the universities (p. 3).
2. Oxford and Cambridge to-day (p. 4).
 - (1) Number of students.
 - (2) The university proper.
 - (3) The women's halls.
- "Magdalen" [mag'da-len or mād'lin].
3. Attendance at the lectures (pp. 4-5).
 - "Form." A long seat or backless bench; hence the English name for a rank of students; a class.
 - "Don." The head of a college, or one of the fellows at the English universities.
4. The cap and gown (p. 5).
 - "Trencher." The cap worn by Oxford and Cambridge students, with a flat, square board top—hence mortar-board. The name has reference to the square wooden plate formerly used at table, and still in use at Winchester Public School, England. It comes from the Old French verb *trencher*, to cut, carve, or dig trenches or ditches. The public schoolboy makes a trench of potatoes around the edge of his trencher, within which the gravy and liquid edibles are temporarily preserved.
5. The question of degrees (pp. 5-8).
 - (1) The royal road to a degree.
 - (2) The outlook.
 - (3) How university changes are made.
 - (4) Courses for the degree of B. A.
 - (5) The residence requirement.
- "Carfax." From M. L. *quadrifurcus*—having four forks. The junction of Cornmarket, Queen Street, St. Aldgate's, and High Street.
- (6) A change in requirements.
- (7) Honors in examinations.
- "Double-first." The highest place in examinations in mathematics and classics.
6. The coaching system (p. 8).
7. The courses of study (pp. 8-9).
- "The Bodleian." The oldest and most famous of the world's great libraries, begun in 1327.
8. Athletic sports (p. 9).
9. The four o'clock tea (pp. 9-10).
10. Societies and clubs (p. 10).
11. Historic sports (p. 10).

"*The Fritillary*." The Oxford women students' magazine—called after the curious speckled lily which the Normans brought to Oxford, and which now covers the Iffley meadows like a checker-board in the spring.

"The Cher" [Char]. The popular name for the river "Cherwell," which empties into the Thames (or Isis) at Oxford.

"Yorke Powell." Regius professor of modern history at Oxford, the successor of Froude. Author of a history of England.

"Stubbs." A distinguished English historian—formerly Regius professor of history, and now Bishop of Oxford. He is the author of "The Constitutional History of England," etc.

12. Entertainments (p. 11).

"Cherwoman" [char'wo-man]. The woman who performs daily chores.

13. The terms.

"Terms." The university terms are the former "terms" of the common law courts, and are named from the church festivals of St. Michael, St. Hilary, etc.

14. The boat races (p. 11).

"Isis." The classic name for the Thames at Oxford.

"The Backs." The "backs" of the colleges extending across the river.

"Cam." The most beautiful part of Cambridge.

"The bump." The university rivers are too narrow for parallel racing, so the race is won when the prow of a boat strikes the stern of the one in advance.

II.—"THE AMERICAN CARPET INDUSTRY."

1. General interest in the industry (p. 11).
2. Floor coverings in colonial days (pp. 11-12).
3. Manufacture of rag carpets and rugs (p. 12).
4. Progress in the manufacture of yarn carpets (p. 12).
5. The kinds of carpets manufactured (p. 13).
6. Amount and grade of manufactures (p. 13).
7. Importations (pp. 13-14).
8. Exportations (p. 14).
9. The great disadvantage (pp. 14-15).
10. The duty on carpet wool (p. 15).

III.—"BENJAMIN DISRAELI."

1. General survey of his career (p. 15).
2. Force of his will (pp. 15-16).
3. Knowledge of his own powers (p. 16).
4. His sincerity (p. 16).
5. Racial pride and influence (pp. 16-17).
6. Duality of his nature (p. 17).

7. Influence and success in Parliament (pp. 17-18).
8. His style of speaking (p. 18).
9. His literary work (p. 19).
10. Place in the Victorian age (p. 19).

IV.—"THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST."

1. Importance of the resurrection (p. 19).
2. Proof of the resurrection (pp. 19-23).
 - (1) Facts growing out of it and connected with it.
 - (a) Christian Church.
 - (b) Christian Sabbath.
 - (2) Testimony of witnesses.
 - (a) Points agreed upon by friends and enemies.
 - (b) Assertions by enemies.
 - (c) The disciples' conception of the resurrection.
 - (d) John's story.
 - (e) The case of Mary.
 - (f) Testimony of other friends.
- (3) Authenticity of the New Testament.

V.—"SOME SPRING BIRDS."

1. Birds of the dooryard (p. 24).
2. Ignorance of birds (p. 24).
3. Early arrivals (p. 24).
4. The life of the cardinal (pp. 24-26).
 - (1) Residence.
 - (2) The courtship.
 - (3) Feeding the brood.
5. The robin's history (pp. 26-27).
 - (1) First view of the robin.
 - (2) His song.
 - (3) Character of the robin.
 - (4) The nest.

- (5) Traits of the young.
- (6) Disappearance for the winter.
6. The wren and its song (p. 27).

VI.—"THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

1. The right of franchise at parliamentary elections (pp. 28-29).
 - (1) Present right.
 - (2) The right in former days.
 - (3) The potwalloper franchise.
 - (4) In old boroughs before 1832.
- "Burgage." A tenure of land by paying rent.
- (5) Development of the present right.
2. The present House of Commons compared with that of former days (pp. 29-30).
 - (1) A member's residence.
 - (2) Expenses and salary.
 - (3) The beginning of bribery.
 - (4) Change in the law of wages and residence.
 - (5) Effect of this change.
3. English and American political institutions compared (pp. 30-32).
 - (1) Constitution of the American House.
 - (2) The English House.
 - (3) Party organization.
 - (4) Activity in local politics.
 - (5) The central organizations.
 - (6) The general election.
 - (7) Individuality in English politics.
 - (8) Powers of the English and American Houses.
 - (9) Influence of the House of Commons on the administration.
 - (10) Position of the speaker.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR MARCH.

"FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

VI.

1. His friend, Lady Austen, told him an amusing story of a noted horseman to arouse him from a melancholy mood. After laughing about it a greater part of the night he, the next morning, made it the theme of "John Gilpin," and it was published in the prominent periodicals of the day. 2. "I Sing the Sofa." When Lady Austen urged Cowper to write something in blank verse he asked for a subject. She replied, "Oh, you can write on anything; take the sofa." 3. It is said to have been written in eight nights; to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

VII.

1. Coleridge; Silas Tomkyns Comberbach.
2. Southey so characterized "Madoc, a Poem in Two Parts."

"MEN AND MANNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

Book VI.

1. "The Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer." 2. "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Book VII.

1. "The Mysterious Mother." 2. "It consists in the art of amusing without exciting."

Book VIII.

1. Second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte.
2. Richard III.; in Westminster Abbey beside Shakespeare's tomb.

IX.

1. King of Bath. 2. In 1762.

X.

1. The middle class. 2. "They have all given portraits of real society far superior to anything vain man has produced of like nature."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1902.

MR. ROBERT A. MILLER, a son of the late President Lewis Miller of Chautauqua and for some years secretary of C. L. S. C. work in Ohio, has been appointed postmaster at Ponce, Puerto Rico. He writes from his new field that he has already found persons interested in Chautauqua and hopes to develop the plan more fully in this territory, as he becomes better acquainted with its conditions.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"Fidelity, Fraternity."

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—John A. Travis, Washington, D. C.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, Pa.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C.; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, England; Miss Alice Hawthorth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tientsin, China.

Secretary—Miss Isabelle T. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer—John C. Whitford, Detroit, Mich.

Trustees—Miss M. A. Bortle, Mansfield, O.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

THE program for Chautauqua this summer will form a fitting setting for the graduation exercises of the Patriots. Many eminent Americans will be present, and the class will by its influence and example be able to awaken new enthusiasm for the American year, which forms the C. L. S. C. program for 1899-1900.

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

"Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor."

"Licht, Liebe, Leben."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—Rev. John A. McKamy, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.; J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A. Greene, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Mary H. Gardner, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. James H. Bentley, Ridley Park, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Mabel Campbell, 53 Younglove Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.

Trustee—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

CLASS COLOR—GRAY.

MANY Chautauquans will learn with sincere regret of the death of Mrs. Mary H. Gardner, of Kansas City, Mo., who for many years has been identified with the work of the C. L. S. C. Mrs. Gardner had charge of the C. L. S. C. office at the Ottawa Assembly from the earliest days of the Assembly

movements, and when she resigned her work there took charge of C. L. S. C. interests at the Assembly which was held for one or two years at Fairmount Park, near Kansas City. The last two summers of her life were spent at Chautauqua, where as an assistant in the C. L. S. C. office she rendered most valuable service, and not only won many friends but by her quiet enthusiasm led many to a deeper appreciation of the work for which Chautauqua stands. She was active in all C. L. S. C. work in Kansas City, a woman of high ideals and of an unusually intense, aspiring nature. She will be missed by a large circle of friends, who, nevertheless, rejoice for her sake that she passed with so little of suffering into the larger life toward which she turned so eagerly.

CLASS OF 1901.—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASS."

"Light, Love, Life."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. W. S. Bainbridge, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—William H. Mosely, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. George S. Duncan, Washington, D. C.; John Sinclair, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Samuel George, Wellsville, W. Va.; Dr. Eliza Mosher, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. T. S. Coleman, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Miller, Jacksonville, Fla.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Ned Arden Flood, Chicago, Ill.;

Prof. Henry Cohn, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Jamison.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Harriet E. Barse, 1301 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—COREOPSIS.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE PALM.

CLASS OF 1902.—"THE ALTRURIANS."

"Not for self, but for all."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—Col. Geo. W. Bain, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. A. T. Van Laer, New York, N. Y.; Mr. J. T. Robert, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. M. E. Baird, Troy, O.; Madame Emma D. Rupin, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Harriet Walker, Wellesley College; Mr. Albert Watson, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Miss Sallie Leonard, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Jewell Gould, Aspen, Col.; Miss Belle Kearney, Flora, Miss.

Honorable Vice Presidents—The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.

Secretary—Mrs. Josephine Griffith Rabb, East Aurora, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. J. C. Armstrong, 530 Lincoln Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS FLOWER—AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.

THE coming of the spring months, with their invigorating suggestions of outdoor life, will prepare the Altrurians for the pleasures of "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." No more charming guide for such an excursion can be found than the last book of the course for the current year, and even

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Chautauquans who doubt their ability to grapple successfully with scientific facts will find that Professor Winchell's book is one to delight the heart of a poet.

A VERY interesting method of developing interest in Chautauqua work has been tried by Mr. Alfred S. Haines, the principal of a public school in West-town, Pa. Through the central Chautauqua office he secured the use of a set of stereopticon slides of Chautauqua, and gave a lecture on Chautauqua on two successive occasions to very enthusiastic audiences. The fact that good stereopticon lanterns are now available in most communities of average

size suggests the possibility of developing this plan so that a larger number of such lectures may be given during the coming year.

A CLASSMATE among the United States Volunteers stationed at New York Harbor reports satisfactory progress, though he is obliged to read alone at present. "Europe in the Nineteenth Century" and *History As It Is Made* have proven especially interesting and helpful. Doubtless the soldier's point of view helps to quicken his interest in the events of the modern world, and with the enlargement of our military responsibilities Chautauqua may find a new field for her activities.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1898-99.

ALFRED DAY—October 18.
CAVOUR DAY—November 15.
CROMWELL DAY—December 16.
GLADSTONE DAY—January 14.

DRYDEN DAY—February 18.
WORDSWORTH DAY—March 17.
SHELLEY DAY—April 20.
TENNYSON DAY—May 18.

NEW CIRCLES.

CONNECTICUT.—To the illustrious Class of 1902 is added the Orange C. L. S. C. of West Haven.

NEW YORK.—Encouraging words from Unionville Circle show the result of steady application. "Our class has twelve active, energetic workers. Week-day meetings are held at the house of Dr. Dennis, who was elected leader. Not a meeting is missed, no night is too cold or too stormy for the class to get together. The class is doing excellent and thorough work. Judson's book is just finished and this week finishes Joy. It is not only wonderful but simply grand to note the interest and perseverance this class manifests in the Chautauqua work."—Eight students of the Current History Course and two of the regular course make the ten faithful members of the new circle at Corbetsville. —The Membership Books are being filled out by four '92's at Ford.

PENNSYLVANIA.—There is an awakening in C. L. S. C. matters at Hokendauqua.

TEXAS.—A circle of twenty has been organized recently at Granbury, every one being registered at

the central office.—The English year is found to be of especial interest to the circle at Ladonia.

OHIO.—A small circle in Cleveland began the work in October and is keeping at it with unflagging interest.—Wright Circle is the name adopted by a new organization in Columbus.

MINNESOTA.—A membership fee is received from a member in Blue Earth City.

IOWA.—Des Moines has found room for another circle, called the Magna Charta.

KANSAS.—A Society of the Hall in the Grove has been organized at Winfield with a member of Winfield Circle as president and a member of College Hill Circle as secretary.—From Junction City comes encouraging news of a circle just organized.

COLORADO.—A new Chautauqua reading circle has been organized in Georgetown, with Miss Charlotte Howe for president. "Twenty Centuries of English History" is the course of study. The circle meets every Tuesday evening.—The following is received from Greeley: "When, in a certain Colorado M. E. Conference, the powers that be decreed that Dr. B. T. Vincent should take charge

of their church in Greeley and the news came drifting into the precincts of this town—that found its inception in the mind and heart of Horace Greeley and that has come to be known for the sanctity of her homes, the loyalty of her churches, the excellence of her schools, and the enthusiasm of her clubs—more than one heart gave a throb of joyful anticipation, for was not this prospective pastor the brother of the bishop, best known and loved as the great head of the Chautauqua movement? And might we not hope that the doctor and his charming wife would be enkindled with the same enthusiasm? One autumn evening, twenty earnest men and women gathered in the parlors of the parsonage and then and there the Altrurians in Greeley came into existence with all the ardent hope and vital energy that characterize western activities. Our circle includes bankers, farmers, teachers, club women, and busy mothers, yet on common ground—upon the high plane of true Altrurians, pledged to the best that the Chautauqua course bestows. We are pursuing the course of study for the year, meeting the third Friday evening in each month for informal discussion led by Mrs. Vincent, with the genial doctor as pilot."

OREGON.—La Creole is the name by which the circle at Dallas is known.

OLD CIRCLES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Everett branch of Keep Pace Circle has proved its magnetic powers by nearly doubling its numbers this year, making a total of nineteen.

NEW YORK.—The Brooklyn Chautauqua Union is attracting attention in various parts of that city not only by the enthusiastic meetings, but by the lecture course which has been carried on under the efficient management of Mr. Todd, chairman of the lecture committee. The program for February 2 consisted of an illustrated lecture on "Through the War on the *Indiana*" by Rev. William G. Cassard, chaplain of the battleship *Indiana*. The lecture was held in the Central Presbyterian Church and the lecturer was assisted by Hanson Place Quartet, several soloists, and the audience joined in singing patriotic songs. Printed programs decorated with an appropriate design were presented to each of the guests. The large attendance and the evident enthusiasm greatly encouraged the union in their great work.—Watkins Glen Circle, Watkins, registers twenty members, all determined to master the work of the English year.—Several seniors in the circle at Geneva are making plans for graduation.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The zealous workers at Scranton

have more than doubled their number this year and their roll contains the names of thirty-seven '02's and thirty-one '01's.—Two members of the circle at Bradford have sent for the questions for this year.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Sommerville C. L. S. C. send greetings to their classmates of 1901 through their secretary, who says concerning the work of the circle: "Our little circle has advanced wonderfully in this second year of its work. All of the members have supplied themselves with books, thus we have been enabled to give up the plan pursued last year of reading aloud at the club meetings."

TENNESSEE.—In a local paper of Clarksville appeared the following program of an interesting C. L. S. C. meeting: "The Chautauqua class met Thursday morning at the usual hour—ten o'clock. This is the English year in the course, and Thursday morning the regular lesson was dispensed with and a memorial day substituted." The following was the program:

GLADSTONE DAY.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear."

PAPER.....Biographical Sketch
PAPER....."His Battle for Home Rule in Ireland."
PAPER....."Contrasted Character Study of Disraeli and Gladstone."
READING....."Talmage and Gladstone at Hawarden Castle."
READING....."Gladstone's New Tribute to the Bible."
PAPER....."Gladstone on the Turkish Question."
READING....."Letters of Gladstone in reply to an urgent request to visit the United States, one bearing date of January, 1886, the other July 30, 1894."
READING.....Newspaper Clippings.
READING....."Mr. Gladstone and the United States."

OHIO.—Five seniors from Haverhill send membership fees for this year, and a new member is also reported.

MICHIGAN.—The secretary of Litchfield Circle says: "Our circle is doing good work. We meet once a week and number fifteen in all, though all are not enrolled at Buffalo. Our average attendance is ten, and the interest in the work is good. At our last meeting we answered roll-call with original poetry and—well, it was amusing."

MINNESOTA.—Every Tuesday afternoon the circle at Windom meets, and its half dozen members gain great benefit from their study. They have one member in the graduating class.

IOWA.—An appreciative letter from a Chautauquan at Lohrville says that two new members have joined them this year, and that all the circle agree that this course is the most beneficial of any they have ever read outside of regular college work.

MISSOURI.—The work is kept alive in Carthage by an energetic band of C. L. S. C.'s.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Through Central Asia.

There are few places between the north and south poles that have not at some time or other been explored by energetic and courageous men. One of the regions less frequently visited than others is the interior of Asia, through which Sven Hedin traveled during the four years from 1893 to 1897. The result of this expedition is "Through Asia,"* in which he states that after months of careful study of the geography of Central Asia he made a reconnoitering trip to Russian Turkistan and Kashgar to find a base of operations for his contemplated explorations. Upon his return he applied to the king of Norway and Sweden for funds to carry out his plan, which was "to traverse Asia from east to west, from the Caspian Sea to Peking, and in particular to explore the intermediate regions which are least known" for the purpose of increasing the geographic knowledge of that region. He carried with him all the necessary instruments for making scientific observations in regard to the geology, meteorology, anthropology, archeology, hydrography, and botany of the territory traversed, the results of which he has embodied in his book. But this account is something more than a mere record of scientific investigations. It is a plain tale of travel in which the author has graphically set forth the experiences of a four years' journey of 14,600 miles over fertile plains, rocky elevations, and sandy deserts, and some of them are as thrilling as any related by arctic explorers. Quite as interesting too are the excellent illustrations, almost three hundred in number, reproduced from sketches and photographs. They represent incidents of the journey, Asiatic scenery, the people of Central Asia and their homes, the animal life of that country, and many objects of interest. The necessary maps are also included in the contents of the volume. The characteristics of the make-up of the two volumes are heavy paper, large, clear type, and a handsome binding.

The great masterpieces of English literature and translations which have become classic constitute the various volumes of "The Temple Classics,"† which are being pub-

*Through Asia. By Sven Hedin. With nearly three hundred illustrations from sketches and photographs by the author. Two vols. 1,255 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers.

†Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 365 pp.—Men and Women. By Robert Browning. 291 pp.—The High History of the Holy Grail. Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. Two vols. 305+298 pp.—Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Sir Thomas North. In ten volumes. Vols. I and II. 410+236 pp. 50 cts. each. New York: The Macmillan Company.

lished under the supervision of Israel Gollancz, M. A. The full text of each work is printed in clear type and on each page is a marginal note giving a summary of its contents. The annotations are confined to the bibliographies and glossaries. The volumes are strongly bound in cloth, and their price puts them within the reach of almost every one.

An admirable piece of editing has been done by Clifton Johnson in a new edition of "Don Quixote."‡ To adapt it to school use and home reading he has omitted the obnoxious portions and many of the unpleasant details which make the original objectionable. The result is a pleasant, readable story, in every way wholesome and attractive. The illustrations are by George Cruikshank.

For a recent edition of "The Last of the Mohicans"† H. M. Brock has furnished the illustrations, which are produced in colors. The publishers have printed the text on heavy paper, using a clear though not large type, and the simple binding suggestively stamped is very appropriate to the contents.

Dr. C. H. Herford is the editor of the Eversley Edition of Shakespeare's works,‡ which consists of ten volumes. The text used, the introductory pages tell us, is based upon "the labors of the editors of the Cambridge and Globe Shakespeares without following either implicitly." Volume I. contains four plays, "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There are well-written introductions to each one, giving information about the source of the theme, and valuable literary criticisms. The annotations are in the form of foot-notes.

The tenth edition of "The Poetry of Tennyson,"|| by Henry van Dyke, is issued in a new dress, with revisions and enlargements that make it more valuable, particularly to those who wish to make a critical study of Tennyson's poetry. A new preface gives a bit of the author's personal history which resulted in sending forth this splendid literary study. The enlarged chronological table contains an outline of the events of Tennyson's life, a complete list of

*The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes. Edited by Clifton Johnson for school and home reading. With ten illustrations by George Cruikshank. 420 pp. 75 cts.—†The Last of the Mohicans. By James Fenimore Cooper. With colored illustrations by H. M. Brock. Two vols. 249+250 pp. \$3.00.—‡The Works of Shakespeare. Edited with introductions and notes by C. H. Herford, Litt. D. In ten volumes. Vol. I. 409 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

||The Poetry of Tennyson. By Henry van Dyke. 453 pp. \$2.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

his published works, and a bibliography of literature about him, and the influence of the Bible on Tennyson's poetry is shown by the list of biblical references found in his poems.

A series of English texts prepared for use in the schoolroom is called "Macmillan's English Classics." Each volume contains an interesting biographical and critical introduction by an able editor, and the notes appended furnish all the necessary explanations. These little books are neatly bound, and printed in excellent type on a good quality of paper.

The Cambridge Edition of Tennyson's poetic and dramatic works † contains many helps indispensable to the student. The biographical introduction is from the pen of William J. Rolfe, and his notes and illustrations, which constitute a part of the appendix, give lucid explanations of obscure passages and show the revisions which Tennyson made from time to time. The appendix also contains Tennyson's contribution to "Poems by Two Brothers" and poems published in early editions of his works but omitted from later ones. The student will find the index of first lines a great convenience.

The editors of the Camberwell Edition of Robert Browning's complete works ‡ are Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, and the result of their combined labors is a work which furnishes all the necessary annotations for an intelligent reading of Browning. Each of the twelve pocket volumes contains analytical and critical introductions, written in a clear, scholarly style, and the notes following the text of the poems are concise and comprehensive. A handsome title-page, an engraved photograph of frontispiece, clear type, and opaque paper are attractive features of each volume, which is encased in red covers bearing an artistic design stamped in gold.

Useful Stories. The Library of Useful Stories has been increased by the addition of three volumes on topics of general interest. "The

* Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Edited with notes and an introduction by Charles W. French. 228 pp.—Pope: *The Iliad of Homer*. Edited with notes and an introduction by Albert H. Smyth. 223 pp.—*The Princess*. A Medley. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited with notes and an introduction by Wilson Farrand, A. M. (Princeton). 231 pp.—Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, and *Christabel*. Edited with notes and an introduction by Tuley Francis Huntington, A.M. (Harvard). 142 pp.—*Macaulay's Essay on Addison*. Edited and annotated by Charles Wallace French. 250 pp.—*Macaulay's Essay on Milton*. Edited and annotated by Charles Wallace French. 176 pp.—*Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America*. Edited with introduction and notes by Sidney Carleton Newsom. 162 pp. 25 cts. each. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson*. Cambridge Edition. 904 pp. \$2.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‡ *Browning's Complete Works*. Camberwell Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. 12 vols. 75 cts. each. \$9.00 per set. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Story of the Cotton Plant * is told by F. Wilkinson, F. G. S., director of the Textile and Engineering School, Bolton. Simply and attractively he tells about the origin, growth, and cultivation of the plant, and describes the processes by which it is changed to the yarn and sewing thread of commerce, at the same time showing the effect of various inventions on the progress of cotton manufacture. The volume is amply illustrated. Prof. James Mark Baldwin is the author of "The Story of the Mind." It is a lucid exposition of general psychological principles, with descriptions of methods and results of research in this branch of science. A minimum use of technical terms makes it specially valuable to the general reader. Archeology is the subject on which Robert E. Anderson, M.A., has written. In a plain, interesting way he has given the history of ancient peoples in the Orient as revealed by recently discovered monuments and inscriptions, some of which are represented in the volume. Several maps are also included in the book.

"The Story of Plant Life" † is the title of a small volume by Julia MacNair Wright. Her work is an easy, practical treatment of the subject of vegetable life. Beginning with the condition of the root in January she follows the development of the plant through the year, describing plant structure and various characteristics of vegetable organism. The book is illustrated by simple and appropriate pictures.

The same writer is the author of a short treatise on astronomy, ‡ which is also simple and non-technical in character. It contains a large number of interesting facts about the sun, the planets, and their satellites, meteors, shooting-stars, the tides, and other subjects pertaining to astronomical science. The illustrations make the explanations and descriptions more impressive.

The amateur florist should read what Eben E. Rexford has to say on the cultivation of flowers. || He says that there are certain principles "upon which successful floriculture is based" and these principles he proceeds to explain in a clear, careful manner. Besides this he tells how to care for certain potted plants, omitting no detail necessary to their successful cultivation.

* *The Story of the Cotton Plant*. By F. Wilkinson, F.G.S. With thirty-eight illustrations. 191 pp. 40 cts.—*The Story of the Mind*. By James Mark Baldwin. With illustrations. 243 pp. 40 cts.—*The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East*. By Robert E. Anderson, M. A., F. A. S. With maps, etc. 213 pp. 40 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† *Botany: The Story of Plant Life*. By Julia MacNair Wright. Illustrated. 208 pp. 50 cts.—‡ *Astronomy: The Sun and his Family*. By Julia MacNair Wright. Illustrated. 203 pp. 50 cts.—|| *Flowers: How to Grow Them*. By Eben E. Rexford. 175 pp. 50 cts. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

In a series of lectures delivered at Leland Stanford Junior University, Dr. Douglas Houghton Campbell traced the genealogical history of vegetable life, showing how by the process of evolution the present high forms in the vegetable kingdom were brought about. These lectures,* collected in a modest volume appropriately illustrated, furnish pleasant reading for the scientist and also for the general reader who does not object to a few technical terms.

Mr. John Trowbridge has written a book called "Philip's Experiment or Physical Science at Home."† It is a very interesting volume, in which the author shows how practical knowledge of physical laws, drawing, and several other subjects may be obtained outside of the schoolroom by any lad of average intelligence if he is in the right environment. Parents will do well to read this book and heed its suggestions.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FISHER AND SCHWATT, PHILADELPHIA.

Fisher, George Egbert, M.A., Ph.D., and Schwatt, Isaac J., Ph.D. Text Book of Algebra with Exercises. For Secondary Schools and Colleges. Part I. \$1.25.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK AND TORONTO.

Piereson, Arthur T. Catharine of Siena, an Ancient Lay Preacher. 50 cts.

Wilkinson, William Cleaver. The Epic of Paul. \$2.00.

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* Lectures on the Evolution of Plants. By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph.D. 319 pp. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† Philip's Experiments or Physical Science at Home. By John Trowbridge. 228 pp. \$1.00. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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